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# THE SKETCH



No. 1477. — Vol. CXIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



FROM THE PAINTING BY SUZANNE MEUNIER.]

MONKEY FUR.





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

**Tranquillity.** A broad balcony that overlooks a vast sweep of the English Channel, this morning very blue in colour, with just enough breeze from the south east to ripple the waves and give it life. In the foreground green lawns newly mown, trees and hedges in the full luxuriance of early summer. A mingled scent of lilac and wallflowers. For music, the distant prattle of children's voices. The whole illumined with the sunshine of a perfect day in May.

Tiny boats—rowing-boats, motor boats, fishing boats, sailing-boats—break the monotony of the expanse of water. On the far horizon, a trail of smoke that conjures up visions of a great steamer, outward bound. Suddenly a deep humming, like a gigantic blue-bottle, and an aeroplane rolls lazily past, fifty yards from my balcony, and not a hundred feet from the ground.

A table, an arm-chair, writing materials, a pipe, a tin of tobacco, and a box of matches. Old shoes, flannels, a Norfolk jacket. Somewhere near at hand, whenever they may be wanted, the ingredients of a cool and refreshing drink.

And yet I met a man last night, with furrowed cheeks and weary eyes, who painted the gloomiest picture of England. But, then, you see, he was a millionaire.

#### One Thing After Another.

"When the miners have got what they want," he said, "they will go back to the mines, and the railwaymen will come out. When the railwaymen have got what they want, they will go back to the railways, and the transport people will come out. When the transport people have got what they want, they will go back to work, and then it will be time for the miners to come out again."

"All this sounds very sad," said I.

"Sad? It's worse than sad. It's criminal. It means the end of everything. When will it end? I can tell you when it will end—when these people have got everything, and men like myself have got nothing."

"Nothing?" I echoed.

"Well, comparatively nothing."

"About as much, in fact, as most of us have got."

"Yes, and what's that?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered modestly.

I wish I had that unhappy man up here with me on my balcony. I would endeavour to make him take an interest in the sea, and the grass, and the trees, and the flowers, and the children, and the white sails, and the sunshine. Above all, the sunshine. The miners, and the railwaymen, and all the other naughty people can't rob him of that.

#### The Best Balance.

Better than a balance at the bank is a well-balanced mind. Trite, isn't it? Yet rich men, and men who are wasting themselves and their lives in the effort to get rich, always forget it. I sometimes watch them running about, and screaming through the telephone; and leaping into cabs, and leaping out again, and scurrying along railway platforms, and adding up columns of figures in their little pocket-books, and I wonder what all the fuss is about. What do they want with all that money, anyway? What are they going to do with it when they get it? Spend it? Not likely. Give it away? Still less likely. Build hospitals? Encourage fine art? Yes; in their wills.

"Oh," they say, "I have to think of my family."

What they mean is that their families are to be deprived of the one thing that will bring out their best qualities—the early struggle. They are to be brought up feeling that there is no such thing in this world as a necessity for individual effort. This is to be the glorious end of the old man's kidney disease and yellow eyes.

I sometimes wonder whether the family are not merely an excuse for the gratification of the money getting passion. Up to a point, of course, we all want money. After that point, the scramble for it is a vice, and an undignified vice at that.



A SCOTTISH BEAUTY: MISS MARJORIE ALEXINA CHINNERY-HALDANE.

Miss Marjorie Alexina Chinnery-Haldane is the daughter of Mr. Broderick Chinnery-Haldane, of Gleneagles, Perthshire, and Alltshellach, On'ch, Inverness-shire, and the grand-daughter of the late Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. She is a very charming type of Scottish beauty.—[Photograph by Val L'Estrange.]

#### Is the Philosopher Selfish?

It is easy to retort that nobody should have a tranquil mind in a world so full of trouble. But there is an answer to that, which is this: the troubles of the world will never be relieved by throwing your hands in the air and declaring that all is lost. The war was not won by people who did that, and the social war will not be won in that way, either.

If you do your best you are entitled to a tranquil mind. If you do your work as well as you know how, and do not pander, you will keep your self-respect; and self-respect goes a long way towards the attainment of a tranquil mind. If you pardon the shortcomings of little humans, lavish praise on all that is good, sympathise with sorrow, relieve it where you can, and keep your eyes fixed on the future, you are still nearer to the attainment of a tranquil mind.

Remember Lot's wife, who looked back and was turned, if I remember rightly, to a pillar of salt. There are too many pillars of salt standing in the way of social progress, too many people who look back instead of looking forwards. I am sick of hearing of the good old times. Damn the good old times! Who had them, anyway?

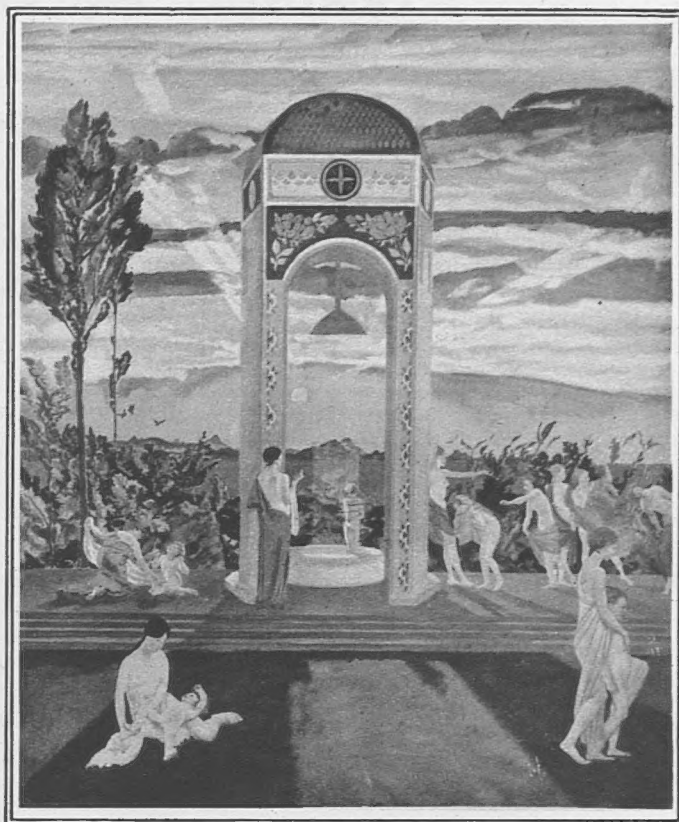
Progress is everything. To do a thing merely because it has often been done before is the hall mark of the effete. . . . But all this is too serious for a May morning.



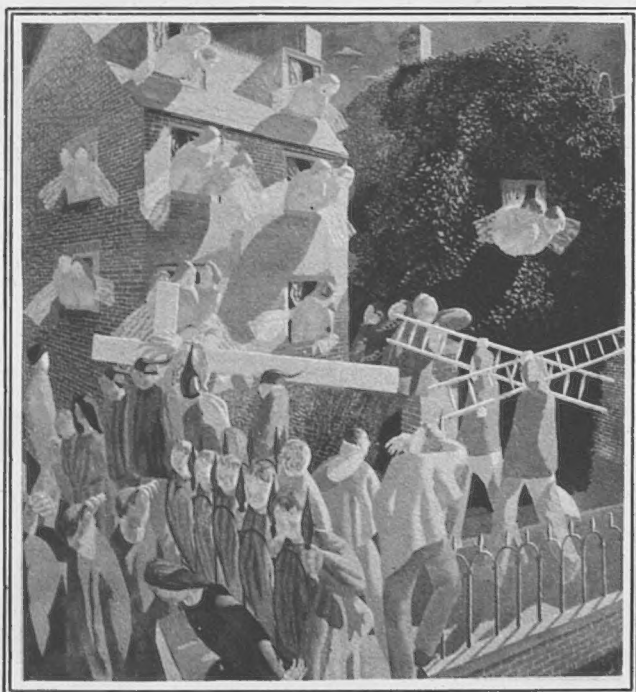
## By Whom are These? Nameless Pictures.



A MODERNIST PICTURE: "MISS IRIS TREE."



AN INTERMEDIATE: "THE SHOWER BATH."



A SCRIPTURAL SCENE: "CHRIST CARRYING THE CROSS."

The Nameless Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by Contemporary British Artists has neither been arranged as a "guessing game" nor organised in any spirit of levity, although there is no doubt that to-morrow's Private View will create a good deal of social nervousness, as well as give an opportunity for the display of social courage, for visitors will be forced to admire or criticise without knowing the names of the artists responsible for the pictures. The management of the "Burlington Magazine"



AN ACADEMIC CANVAS: "PREPARING FOR THE BALL."

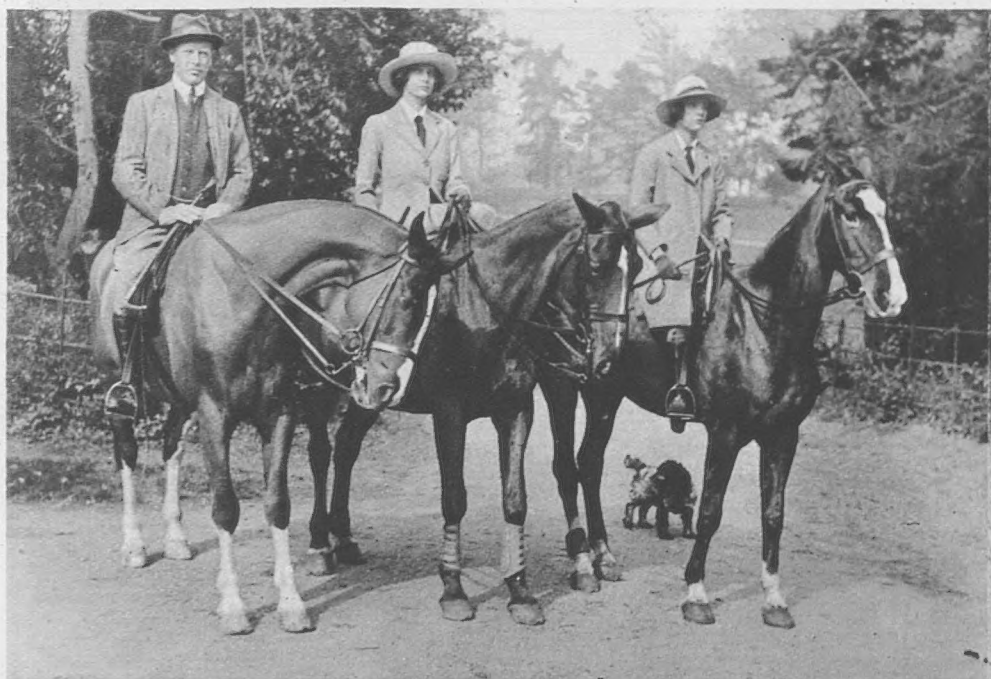
organised the Exhibition, and Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., Professor Henry Tonks, and Mr. Roger Fry were asked to arrange and select the pictures. They divided British artists into three groups—the Academics, the Intermediates, and the Modernists; and each chose from the school he represented what he considered the best works available. On June 16, when the pictures have been admired or condemned incognito, their authorship will be divulged, and the Grosvenor Galleries Exhibition will cease to be nameless.



# SOCIAL, POLITICAL, DIPLOMATIC, SPORTING:



THE AMERICAN SEPTET OF GOLFERS: PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE "CARONIA" AT LIVERPOOL.



WITH HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, PHYLLIS AND RACHEL: COLONEL SPENDER-CLAY, C.M.G., M.C., M.P.



ENGAGED TO MR. RALPH DE L. CAZENOVE: MISS EDITH THOMSON.



ENGAGED TO MR. G. WESTON WELLS: MISS I. WILLIAMS.



ENGAGED TO MR. L. E. OLIVER: MISS S. E. ROWLAND.



PUBLISHING A BOOK ON SEX: MISS MAUDE ROYDEN.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR: MISS BURDON, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL ROWLAND BURDON, M.P.

ENGAGED TO MR. PHILIP SAXON GREGSON-ELLIS: MISS JOAN LLOYD.



Our pages range over many subjects, and show some brides-to-be, who include the pretty Salvation Army captain who is to marry General Booth's elder son. The American septet of golfers who recently arrived in this country are the strongest team which has ever crossed the Atlantic. In our photograph the names, reading from left to right, are: Fred Wright, Francis Ouimet, J. Wood Platt, Jesse Guildford, W. C. Fownes; and seated, from left to right, Paul Hunter and the boy wonder, "Bobby" Jones.—Our photograph of the Duke of Devonshire and some friends looking at the Prince of Wales' bull was taken at H.R.H.'s ranch in Canada.—Colonel Herbert Henry Spender-Clay, C.M.G., M.C., who is

Photographs by Lafayette, Bassano Malcolm Arbuthnot



# SOME GROUPS AND PORTRAITS OF TO-DAY.



A LONDON DANCE HOSTESS: THE  
HON. MRS. PATRICK MACNAGHTEN.

ENGAGED TO LT. W. O. SCRYMGEOUR-  
WEDDERBURN: MISS J. JENNINGS.



TO MARRY ADJUTANT B. BOOTH:  
CAPTAIN JANE IEVERS LOWTHER.

TO MARRY MR. CHARLES PIM IN  
JUNE: MISS KATHLEEN WILMOT.



LOOKING AT H.R.H.'S BULL, CLIMSLAND BROADHOOKS: THE DUKE  
OF DEVONSHIRE AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RANCH.



THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR ARRIVES IN ENGLAND:  
MR. HARVEY ON THE "AQUITANIA," WITH MRS. HARVEY.



VISCOUNT FITZALAN (CENTRE) IN IRELAND: AN INTERESTING GROUP  
INCLUDING SIR HAMAR AND LADY GREENWOOD (RIGHT).

shown with his two daughters, is the M.P. for the Tonbridge Division of Kent. He married the Hon. Pauline Astor, daughter of the late Lord Astor.—Mr. George Harvey, the new American Ambassador, who arrived last week, has already many friends in England, and has often visited this country in the past. He is a witty after-dinner speaker and trenchant orator.—Our photograph from Ireland was taken at a lunch held at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park, given in honour of Viscount Fitzalan, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The group shows Viscount Fitzalan in the centre, enjoying a joke with General Boyd. Miss Maude Royden is the famous woman preacher.



## "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

OF all things sentimental under the sun the most eloquent are old clothes. My London abode having become over-inhabited, I promised my exasperated maid to look over them, lock, stock and barrel, in the unhurried hours of my week-end here. She has hung them from every old oak beam in every powder-closet in every spare room. The atmosphere reeks of camphor-balls. There are old feather fans and satin shoes on every mantelpiece. There are laces and cloaks and hair-ornaments enough to equip a Court. At first it seemed so simple. I would have a bonfire. It would solve the coal question. I approached the white satin gown by the nearest window. It was twilight and warm, and the scent of wallflowers got

into my blood. And the soul of the first ball-dress I ever owned rose in revolt and confronted me. It said: "What? You would discard even me? Did it mean so little, then?"—till I flushed with memories of moments too immortal to write about. I was so entirely self-satisfied that night.

... Certainly the dress must be kept. There must be room for just one. I remembered that the Duchess of Northumberland—she was Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox then—had worn its replica at the same ball, but I had not thought of being jealous. I remembered that one of the most beautiful girls of the season—she is now Lady Burrell—had praised it. I

remembered, gloatingly that Kathleen Pelham-Burn had copied it forthwith. Indeed, who knows

but that she was wearing it when she first met Lord Drogheda? And so many men danced with it and supped with it—men who will never dance again except in

our proud memories—that it were sacrilege not to keep it for ever.

There followed the Spanish dress. It is not really Spanish, but it went to the big ball the Duke and Duchess of Westminster gave to the King and Queen of Spain. I think it was Coronation Year, or the year after. And Grosvenor House was a glitter of diamonds and pearls, and ablaze with rich colour; and the silk legs of men vied, for once, with the splendour of woman. The Spanish dress stood up to me in all its magnificence and defied me. It reminded me of my one conversation with the ex-Crown Princess of Germany. I was dancing with Byng Hopwood, justly considered the best dancer in London. Suddenly we realised that the Crown Princess was dancing, and that every other couple had retired. We were the sole culprits guilty of *lèse-majesté*. We stopped, of course, but her Royal Highness crossed the floor to us and insisted that we should go on. My chaperon was in a group near the door, and not having heard the command, eyed us with deep displeasure and shame, much to our amusement as we shared the floor with the royal couple. Of course, the Spanish dress will live, and all its accessories. Byng Hopwood lies somewhere in France, but the Coldstream Guards will not forget him. Nor lovers of dancing.

And so it was with all my old clothes. There are the darlings that made Hunt Balls the pre-war ideal of every girl. One recognises them by their colour. They are all white, or pale blue, or primrose-yellow. No other colours ever looked well with hunt coats. Each has its own message—its own reminder of the Pytchley, the Quorn, the V.W.H., the Atherstone, the Cheshire, the Cottesmore, the Grafton. There are the echoes of many Ascots, the vivid colour-poems in muslin still murmuring of the river; the prose essays in white

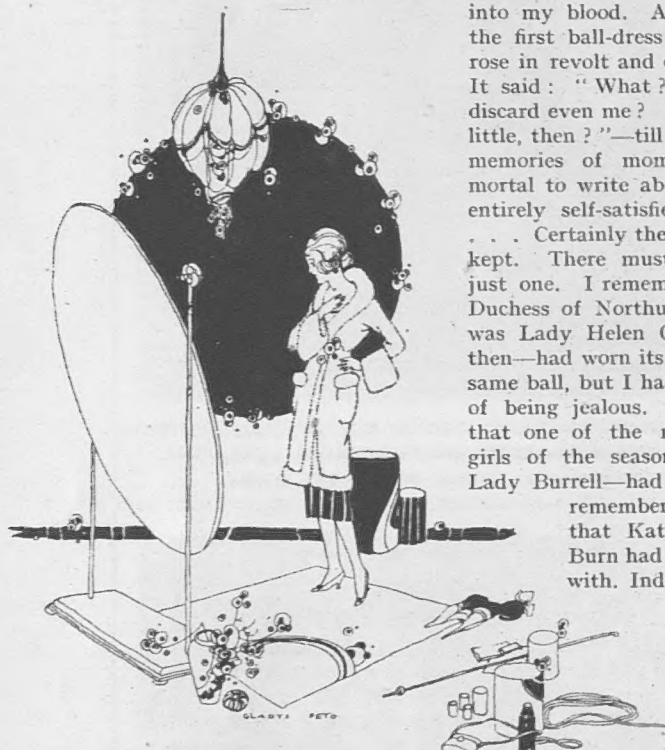
serge still talking of the sea, and of Cowes, and of yachts, and of flirtatious fencing with sailors. There are a houseful of ghosts—merry ghosts all—ghosts that look at me through clouds of silk and brocade and chiffon, from a past so recent that it still throbs with life, still thrills with young hope—hope that is neither dead nor dying, though the satins are faded, the myriad voices are silenced, the music that was extreme youth has grown to youth mellowed by hallowed memories.

And after old clothes—the mirror. To-day, I discovered three white hairs in my parting. Perhaps they were born of over-brooding. The argument with the last dress of all did it . . . the dress I wore to Irene Denison's last dance at St. Dunstan's. . . . It was before she dreamed of marrying her Prince. . . . Before Lord Londesborough dreamed of a great war—indeed, while his lovely young daughter was enlivening small house-parties by singing coon-songs to banjo accompaniments.

Well, well! She need not be relegated to the past. A sister-in-law to the Queen of Spain, and a niece by marriage to our own King and Queen, her light shines even more gloriously than it did of yore. Bless her—she is still sweet and young, and loves beyond all else to make everyone happy.

And memories locked away, I lunched and danced, and dined and danced again, three times last week. No. I am not going to say where. There were too few of us. And everyone did not look beautiful. (I have to be careful not to disclose my identity.) Some day I shall burst with explosive things I long to say here, but dare not. I want to tell—not to put on so much rouge; and—not to henna her hair. Above all, I want to describe all my own accomplishments, and clothes, and houses. It would be fun to write, for once, just what I want people to say about me. And the *Corisandes* of all the evening papers would copy it. The weekly ladies' journals would enlarge on it. The best photographers would ask for free sittings. What more could mortal demand?

Instead, I will eulogise Lady Ross. Someone described her to me the other day as a mixture of the vivacity of Marie Tempest at her best and a French marquise of the eighteenth century. And she has room for both rôles in her new house. She has the courage



1. Angela is filled with envy by the various women explorers now publishing their adventures, and is starting upon a voyage of discovery herself to London's Outer Suburbs. She has bought a new fur coat (for the Heights of Highgate), a lot of guide-books, food, and two new hats.



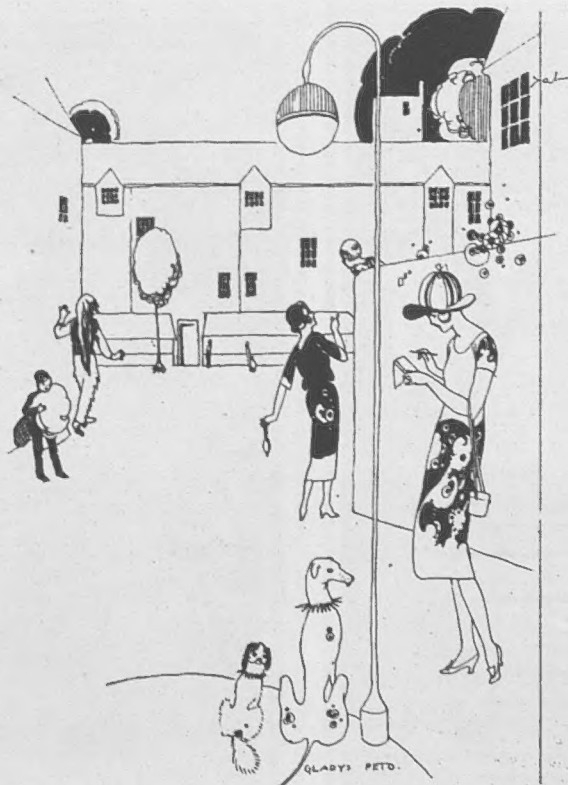
2. Of course, Kitten is going also upon this hazardous journey. They have engaged a Messenger Boy to carry the luggage, a well-known Indian Scout (Big Chief Safety-First) to act as a guide, and the Darling Dogs have spiked collars.

of her convictions too, and in determining on Warwick Square, she declares she will entertain only people who like her enough to take a taxi. It is a beautiful house, with enormous rooms and high ceilings, and a real garden with trees and flower-borders and grass.



The only trouble is; people think they are in the country, and when they are asked to lunch, stay to tea. A friend of mine found her still in at five-thirty the other day, entertaining the stragglers of a lunch-party. But I do not think a French marquise or Marie Tempest would achieve the clever little sculptured figures found in her studio. There is one of General Tom Bridges (the head of the Military Mission with the Belgian Field Army—and our Military Attaché recently in the United States) that would do credit to any professional artist of long training. I wish the Coalition would secure her husband (Sir Charles Ross, the Scots Baronet who invented the Ross Rifle) before the Asquithians get him. He is on his way back from Nairobi, where he has been shooting big game—and before that he was shooting grizzly bears in Canada, and so he would be of infinite use in the House of Commons if ever there were a revolution. A typical Scottish laird, at Balnagowan Castle he always wears his kilt, and administers his affairs in a business-like way, worthy of any portfolio, while Lady Ross's big rooms are asking to be filled with important political assemblies. What are the Coalition Whips waiting for? Or whoever it is who invites people to stand for Parliament? . . . Either of the Rosses would do. They are very rich, very clever, very artistic, and (unless big-game shooting and sculpturing take too strong a hold on each, respectively) either could wave rhetorical flowers, and deal drastically with most problems. But I imagine they would remain Independents. They are not the stuff sheep are made of. Perhaps that is why the House of Commons . . . but the Editor does not encourage me to emulate the *Morning Post*. The *Morning Post* has been hauling the Prime Minister over the coals for his partiality to the country house of Sir Philip Sassoon. The leader-writer reminds the Prime Minister of Chequers, and urges him not to continue the obligation to his private secretary, whatever anybody's motives . . . or words to that effect. And there is much besides, which only the editor of a paper dare say. I am a mere contributor. My words are cut down and bottled (if they are adverse anything!), but I know what everybody in London is saying about it! I wonder what Lord Salisbury would have thought, or Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Balfour, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman . . . or even Mr. Asquith? . . .

I wish General Swinton—Ole-Luk-Oie—would take up politics—or at least write on political subjects in the vein of his Eye Witness articles. I met him lunching one day, and he kept me laughing over his experiences with generals in high places. We concluded that only the youthful remain human. Given a certain amount of gold lace on their hats, it is astonishing how self-complacent most



3. After incredible adventures, they reach S.W.29. Angela is writing an account of this little-known spot, and Safety-First is reconnoitring round the next corner, when a small person looks over the wall, remarking, "Hello, Cousin Kitten."

middle-aged men become. That is why everyone loves Lord Horne. He is a brilliant exception, with modesty and simplicity the keynote to his character. Everyone is glad he has practically recovered from his recent hunting accident. Another popular favourite is

General Sir Nevil Macready, who perhaps inspires even Sinn Fein with respect. He is so utterly fearless, so transparently honest; and he so obviously tries all he knows to "make good" in an extraordinarily difficult position.

And the Irish question still focusses our attention more on soldiers than on more frivolous members of society. Who can think of



4. And behold—this is the abode of Kitten's cousin Hildegard, whom Angela has often met in the Park, and thought very smart. (If one lives in S.W.29 one can, of course, afford to buy one's clothes in W.1—and cream buns, also, which Angela is enjoying very much; but Kitten is rather chastened.)

London parties while de Valera is in our midst? At least three people assure me they have friends who have seen him in London. He has become like the wraith of the Russian troops in 1914. No one will vouch for his presence first hand. Everyone wants to believe in the magic that lured Sir James Craig alone and unarmed to the enemy camp; and actually, it is being hinted that it is just possible that he—Sir James Craig—might eventually become the Prime Minister of a united Ireland under a Home Rule system, that he has spent most of his political passion in opposing.

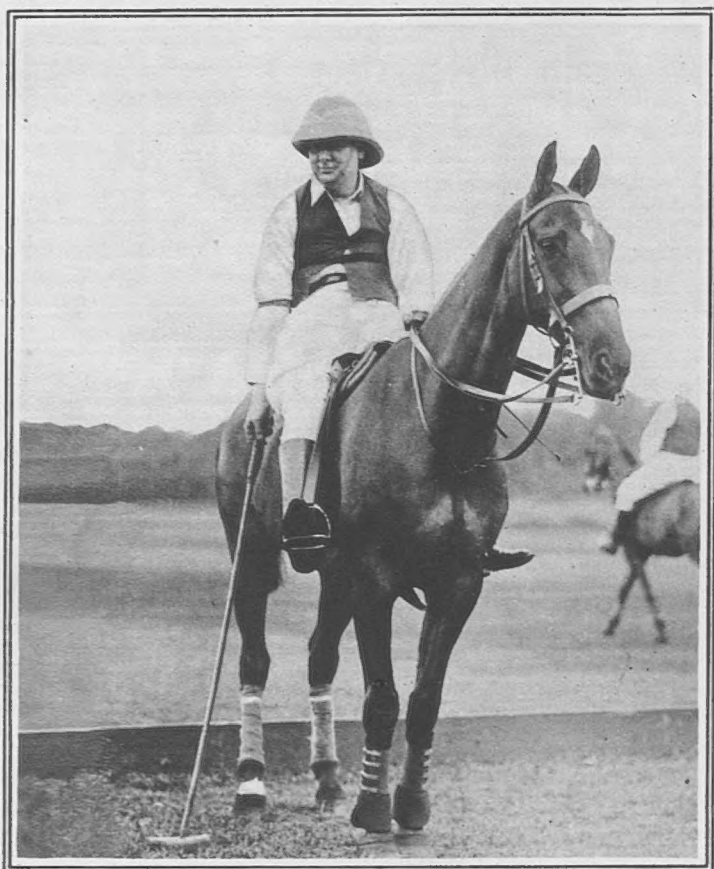
Dear, dear, what times we live in!

Thank goodness there are "débutantes" to keep us normal, and Kings and Queens who travel. My only excitement this week will be more parties to have the honour of meeting the Crown Prince of Japan. Later there will be parties for the King and Queen of the Belgians, and later still for King Alfonso and Queen Ena—stately parties if the miners repent; and young, less formal ones for Miss Joyous Markham (such a delicious name for a débutante)—Lucy Lady Markham's girl, who, unlike mamma, has no strong political interests; and Lady Hawke is giving a dance for her Marjory; and Lady Galway and Lady Maryon-Wilson have issued invitations for their joint dance on May 31.

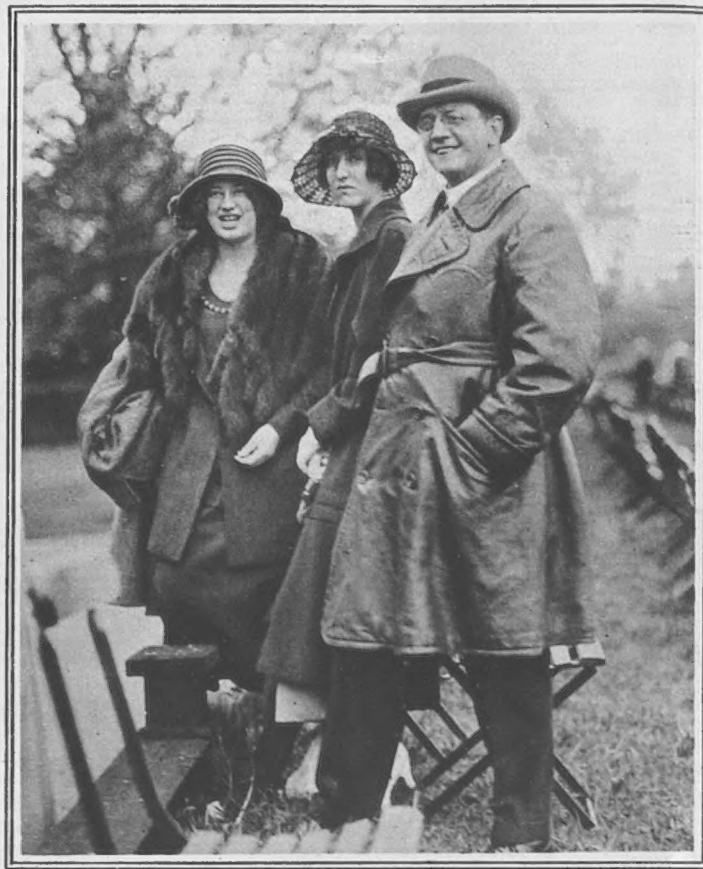
But the greatest excitement will be the Polo Tournament and the International Tennis Tournament, and if London had twice the accommodation, rooms would be filled by people coming up from the country for one or the other event. Strikes come and go, the Irish question rises and falls, but English games go on for ever. And the Englishmen who play games, bless their hearts, they give us all the pride of race we need. They won the war. In spite of Stephen McKenna's stories of stereotyped public school-boys, they are about the only monument we have worth preserving. I have met Stephen McKenna. I like him enormously. But most other young men who run down the games of England want kicking. You will find them taking refuge behind polysyllables, discussing politics with large capitals. They re-echo other people's ideas with parrot-like precision. But they cannot, usually, sit a horse, or hold a gun, or excel at any one of the things that demand individual, unaided skill or prowess. During the war they scrimshanked into cosy billets and called themselves indispensable to home fires. Their only gift was the all-important one indeed of making others accept them at their own valuation. There will be sycophants ever, but they do not stand for England. Almost always they are not wholly English, or Scots, or Irish, or Welsh.



# "THE SKETCH" AT ROEHAMPTON: SOCIETY WATCHES



HAVING A LITTLE POLO PRACTICE:  
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



WITH LADY DIANA SOMERSET (CENTRE):  
LORD PORTARLINGTON.



WATCHING THE MATCH: COLONEL HUNTER, GENERAL FITZGERALD,  
AND FRIENDS.



AND UMBRELLA: CAPTAIN

Society gathered at Roehampton in force to see the American polo team play the Freebooters, whom they beat by 11 to 2. Our photographs show some interesting personalities among the spectators, including the Duke of Beaufort's younger daughter, Lady Diana Somerset, and



# THE AMERICANS v. FREEBOOTERS TRIAL MATCH.



THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT:  
LADY DIANA SOMERSET (RIGHT).



WITH MISS HILDA HOLLINGS: THE DUCHESS OF PENARANDA,  
WHOSE HUSBAND PLAYS FOR THE FREEBOOTERS.



AND MRS. CHESTER MASTERS.



CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE: LADY MORVYTH WARD; MRS. EUAN WALLACE;  
THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON; AND LADY HONOR WARD.

the Duchess of Penaranda, whose husband is well known as a polo-player. Lady Morvyth and Lady Honor Ward are two of the daughters of the Earl of Dudley; and Mrs. Euan Wallace is the daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens.—[Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.]



## Exclusive to "The Sketch": A New "Max."



"BRAVURA": A STUDY OF ORPEN, BY MAX BEERBOHM.

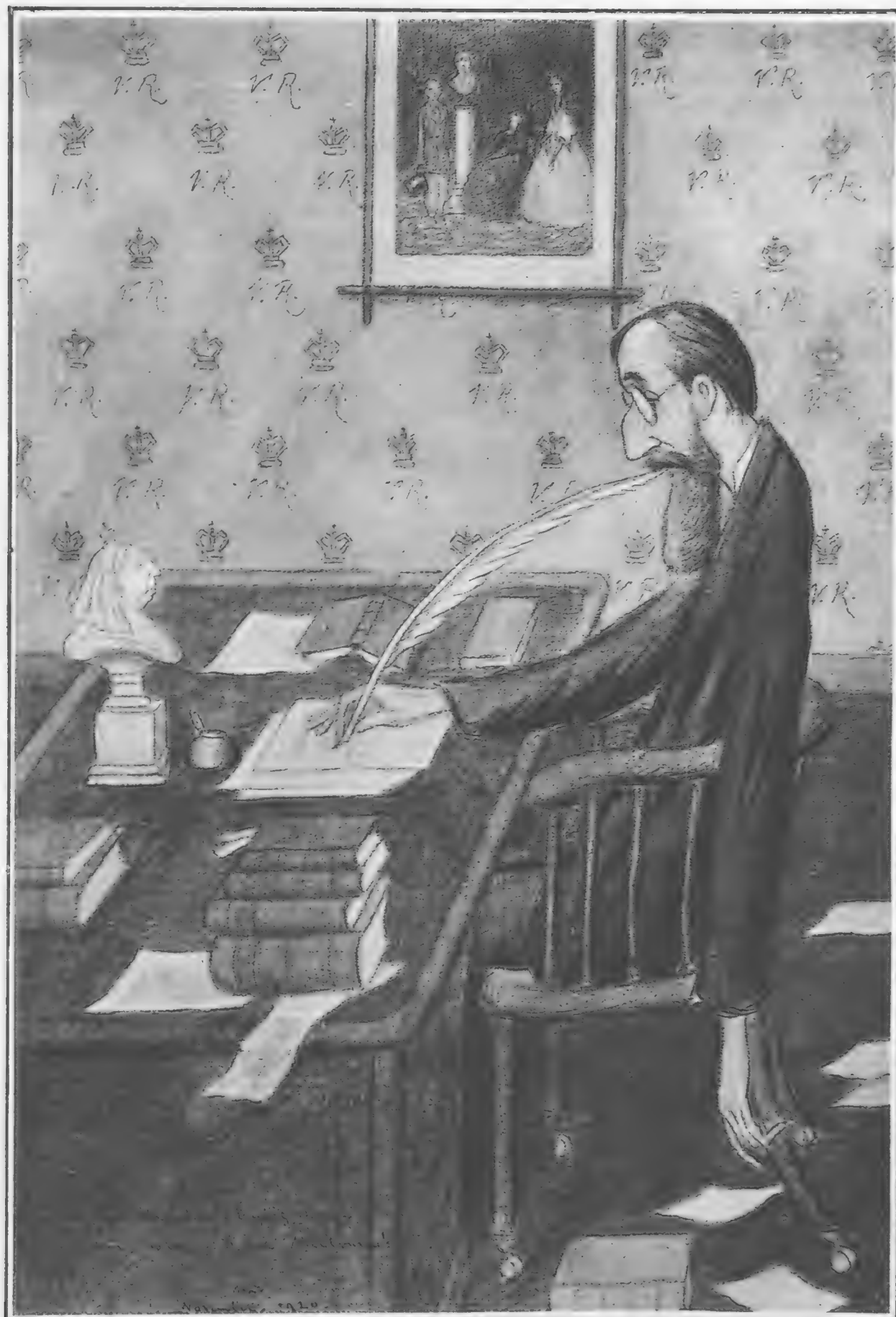
Our page shows one of the new Max Beerbohm caricatures to be seen at the Leicester Galleries exhibition of his work, which opens to-morrow, Thursday, May 19. It represents Orpen trying whether it wouldn't be possible to paint, for the Uffizi, one mirror's reflection of another's reflection of a soap-bubble's

reflection of himself. Although it has not been exhibited before, this brilliant example of Max's genius was actually executed in 1914, which accounts for the prefix of "Mr." which appears before Sir William Orpen's name in the inscription at the top of the drawing.

*From the Caricature by Max Beerbohm. Photographed by courtesy of the Leicester Galleries (where it is on exhibition with numerous others) and of the artist. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.*



## Exclusive to "The Sketch": A New "Max."



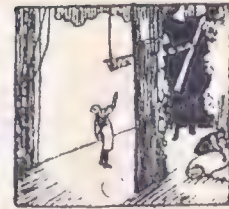
## "MR. LYTTON STRACHEY TRYING TO SEE HER WITH LORD MELBOURNE'S EYES."

Mr. Lytton Strachey is perhaps the biggest literary lion of the moment, as not to have read his "Queen Victoria" is to be a complete fossil. "Max's" caricature of Mr. Strachey "trying to see Her with Lord Melbourne's eyes" is one of the most delightful productions of that remarkable caricaturist,

and is one of the best of the specimens of his work to be seen at the Leicester Galleries Exhibition. It is published exclusively in "The Sketch," and a number of the other "Max" caricatures will appear in our next four issues, and will form a specially interesting feature.

*From the Caricature by Max Beerbohm. By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries (where it is on exhibition with numerous others) and of the artist. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.*





## Without Prejudice

IT was a doctor or a dramatic critic—and both occupations are equally depressing, since they are almost entirely concerned with failures—who said that there are infinite varieties of revue, as of influenza. First, you know, there is the kind that begins with a dull aching sensation in the back (no, Stupid, not a revue, but an ailment), and passes on, as the dear Prime Minister used to say when he was winning that war of his, through Terror to Triumph. Then we have the sort that starts with a lot of people walking up and down the Ladies' Mile at Rien-sur-Mer (not an epidemic, Silly, but the

of the Hudson River. It might accord admirably with somebody's Roof-Garden or somebody else's Midnight Frolic. But it was all wrong in the Strand.

And so, as the sacred poet says, like some tall palm, the noiseless fabric grew. And we woke up one morning to find ourselves and Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Sir Arthur Pinero and the British drama at the foot of an overgrown beanstalk, on which Mr. George Robey and Miss Lee White and Miss Violet Loraine and Mr. Nelson Keys disported themselves with agility and violence.

Such a pity. Because they are all so clever at their own job, which could be done quite admirably in musical comedy or the music-hall without displacing the Real Play. And one hates to see them in an Americo-Parisian setting of Revue. Now in Paris it is quite a different story. As under.

There, if you can crawl out from under the taxi and get across the road without being found by another, you will find a form of Revue which is indigenous, home-grown, aboriginal—in fact, Parisian. And consequently, right. Take the frame-up in which Maurice (not Albert) Chevalier adjures us that "Il faut savoir tout prendre avec le sourire." You have complete inconsecutiveness, no attempt to interest you in the changing fortunes, so dear to Anglo-American librettists, of Jacky Flolliott and the Honourable Pearl Vavasour, a bland admission that Chevalier, each time that he comes on, is just Chevalier—the atmosphere, in fact, of our so much trumpeted *revue*



A BRILLIANT RE-DOUBLE: "NERO," BY MAX BEERBOHM.

The astonishing brilliance achieved by Max Beerbohm in his "Doubles," on view at the Leicester Galleries, is well illustrated by his portrait of "Nero." He does not work towards any pre-conceived design, but lets the dabs of colour and the effect of the doubling of the paper imbue him with an idea which he carries out, by simply adding a line here or a detail there.

Photograph from the "Double" by Max Beerbohm, by courtesy of the artist and the Leicester Galleries. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

first scene of "Are You There?") and singing about *Daily Mail* hats and other topics of scintillating originality. And the shivery sort. And the kind—extremely rare—that makes you laugh. And the kind—this applies either to revue or 'flu—that nearly finishes you. And so on, through (as public speakers say) the Whole Gamut.

And the confusion, you know, was almost pardonable, and the comparison was well worth making. Because this poor, dear little drama of ours, whose growth and fortunes are so assiduously watched over by a large body of gifted gentlemen (still including, in a retrospective sort of way, Mr. A. B. Walkley) is indubitably dying of one or the other.

It may not, the British drama, have been a bird whose output was notably auriferous. But whatever the quartz-value of its eggs, Revue has unquestionably killed it. It is deceased. You may observe its final struggles recorded in the theatrical announcements. Buck and acrobatic dancing and the trap-drummer have driven it to Hammersmith, and it is only by assuming such unpronounceable disguises as the respected name of "Reandean" that the Legitimate can creep back into the Metropolis. Because Revue stands with a flaming sword to guard every approach to the Theatrical Eden.

And we wouldn't mind so much if the poison which the syndicates have held to the lips of the drama were a native brew. But it isn't. Far from it. Whilst our dollar securities flew westwards to the Land of the Free as a faint means of stimulating the crusading ardour of the resident knights errant, there drifted back across the Atlantic as a ghostly sort of compensation for our losses a miasmatic atmosphere of New York varieties. They might be excellent by the sunny banks



A SUCCESSFUL ARTISTIC GAMBLE BY MAX: "THE CHINESE PRINCESS."

"The Chinese Princess" is one of the most charming of the "Doubles," or artistic gambles, by Max Beerbohm, which are on view at the Leicester Galleries; together with a collection of his cartoons and caricatures. The method by which he produces these fascinating pictures is explained on our facing page.

Photograph from the "Double" by Max Beerbohm, by courtesy of the artist and the Leicester Galleries. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

intime combined with such first-rate spectacular effects as the Gavarni Ball at the Opera. Now we can't do that, you know. Because Revue isn't really our line of country. So why not stick to musical comedy? And revive the real old London music-hall. Give us back the Tivoli and the Oxford and the Pavilion. And turn the money-changers out of the Palace.



# "Doubles" by "Max": Beerbohm "Skeletons."



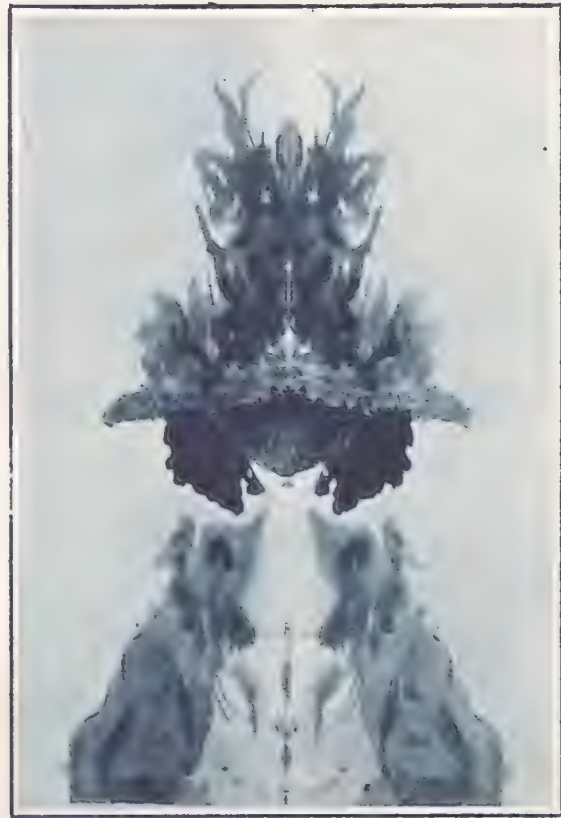
"THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY."



"THE LATE QUEEN OF HAWAII."



"MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH."



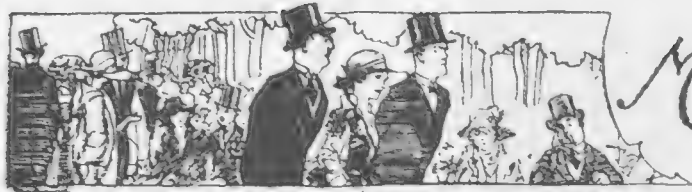
"INCOGNITA."

Max Beerbohm's love of the ingeniously fantastic has led him to exploit the old game of "skeletons," which most of us played as children, and to turn it into an "artistic gamble," which produces amusingly brilliant results. Instead of writing a name and folding over the paper to get a fantastic "smudge" skeleton, as children used to do, he takes his brush and lays a dab of colour on the paper, which he then doubles over. He repeats this process with different paints, without, however, trying to carry out

any preconceived design. He lets his artistic gamble run its own gait, and having doubled, re-doubled and re-re-doubled, he finishes off his picture with one or two delicate touches, and so carries out the "portrait" which the delicate "smudges" suggest to him. The brilliancy and charm of the results which Max achieves in this manner are illustrated on our page of reproductions of his doubles, which will be on view at the Leicester Galleries to-morrow (Thursday), together with a collection of his cartoons and caricatures.

*Photographs from the "Doubles" by Max Beerbohm, by courtesy of the artist and the Leicester Galleries. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.*





## More About Mariegold



"THE full flavour of Imperial Russia—a top-hole tonic in these democratic days."

This is Mariegold's judgment on the Russian Artists' At Home at Princes. She thinks that the Russian Association of Representatives of Art and Literature deserve a vote of thanks for transporting her in spirit to another country, when train difficulties are keeping her corporeal body in Mayfair.

"It's a good idea to attune one to the right note for the 'Theatre of the Eager Centipede' by a diet of borsch, zakousska, and pasca; but, on the whole, I'm glad that the menus have an English translation

"Still, he cheered up wonderfully when we began to dance," said Mariegold. "It wasn't all a triumph for my *beaux yeux*, though, for he didn't pay much attention to me. He was dying to know just exactly what José Collins was whispering to her husband, Lord 'Robin' Innes-Ker, to keep him in fits of laughter all the time they were dancing. She must have told him some 'good ones' while they were doing the newest and most complicated steps, if one may judge by the results that 'Sybil' got from her 'one-man' audience. Lady Dorothy Mills was there, too, in a short cloth-of-gold dress veiled in brightest blue tulle."

In Mariegold's opinion, however, the best dress of the evening was a black lace one, with a Victorian off-the-shoulders décolletage and a picturesque black lace berthe.

We are getting quite excited about "Sita" Forbes' lecture at the Royal Geographical Society on the 23rd, for Mariegold has seen a lot of her lately and has heard of her triumphs first-hand. She has also heard that it isn't quite "all jam" being a famous explorer, and that Mrs. Forbes has been asked to lecture and write on all manner of subjects, including Votes for Women—so suitable when she has been for months in a country where the feminine half of humanity have no souls and no political position!—and on the Plague of Locusts, its Cause and Cure. She has also been asked whether she managed to get a hot bath every day when in the desert, and other remarkable queries are fired at her wherever she goes. At Buckingham Palace, however, she found a genuine intellectual interest shown in her work, for geography and map-reading are among the Queen's specially strong points.

There are private views and private views. There can be no doubt of that. Mariegold went to the London Group Exhibition at the Mansard Gallery and also to the Royal Amateur Art Show at Mrs. Robert Fleming's in Grosvenor Square, and found the contrast exhilarating.

No thrills in the Tottenham Court Road, for the London Group are just moderately modern, and not really advanced, which may make for worth, but also slightly tends to dullness. Not a very good attendance—a sprinkling of pretty, well-dressed women and some of Mariegold's "funny-hatted" artistic friends, who upset the Captain so much.

"The Royal Amateur Art Private View was comforting in these disturbed times," sighed Mariegold: "it gave me a feeling of



TO BE MARRIED ON JUNE 14: MAJOR GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE AND MISS EDNA JONES.

Major Gwilym Lloyd George is the second son of the Prime Minister. His marriage to Miss Edna Jones is fixed to take place on June 14, at the Wesleyan Church, Carnarvon.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

opposite, though the plunge into a dinner of unknown dishes isn't really made any less thrilling by the fact that one can say their names in one's mother tongue! I liked everything except the sweets, which were too strange and Muscovite even for me. The Captain revelled in the wines, though."

Another thing which pleased us was the beauty of the audience. Most of the lovely women one sees at the usual concerts and restaurants are known to us, but these exquisite Russian refugees were a new range of comely women to admire. Lady Egerton came with her Russian diplomat nephew, and Mariegold "spotted" Leo Klin, the young artist whose work she so much admires. He has pictured Lady Drogheda, Lady Massereene, and other beautiful Londoners.

"Lady Diana Cooper had evidently decided that anything in the nature of a cabaret dinner demanded a hat," remarked Mariegold, when discussing the entertainment. "I thought about it, but voted in favour of evening dress, and nearly all the rest of the world agreed with me. Lady Diana looked her gold-and-ivory best, though, in her huge hat and her black-and-white dress. She had Augustus John with her. He is becoming quite a lover of Society functions, it would appear; and his distinguished party, like the rest of us, seemed to approve very highly of the 'Theatre of the Eager Centipede.' It is very like the Parisian *Chauve Souris*, which has been having such a tremendous success across the Channel.

"After the borsch, cooked by Russian ladies, an orchestra of Russian officers and an entertainment by Russian artists. It was a good evening, all told, though it's best not to let one's mind dwell too much on the reason for it. Pity for the refugees from Holy Russia might spoil your pleasure—and yet I don't think that even sorrow for an Imperial tragedy could encroach on my enjoyment of Karsavina dancing as a little shepherd boy, or detract from the grotesque fascination of the painted figures with their goggling eyes which formed a background for one of the other numbers. The Moscow work-girls, too, and the Drum-Major were genuine delights."

Mariegold hurried away, though, as she insisted on taking her cousin from the north to dance at Claridge's. All the way there he lectured her on the fact that London was taking the strike so lightly in every sense of the word—and, even when Mariegold pointed out that the illuminated baskets of glass fruit in the hotel foyer have "doused their glimmering glim" in the sacred cause of economy, he didn't seem much impressed by this show of restraint



ENGAGED: MISS JOAN LAMBTON AND COLONEL THE HON. HUGH JOICEY.

Miss Joan Lambton is the younger daughter of the Hon. Frederick W. Lambton, twin-brother of the Earl of Durham. Her engagement to Colonel the Hon. Hugh Joicey, D.S.O., late 14th Hussars, second son of Lord Joicey, of Ford Castle, Northumberland, has just been announced.—[Portrait Studies by Bertram Park.]

stability to see such a posse of *really nice people*—the county sort—all gathered together, and looking just as they did before we ever heard of Bolshevism"

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mariegold is taking a holiday and will not be able to contribute to "The Sketch" for a while.



## Wife of the Designer of a Sign-Post to Coal Peace.



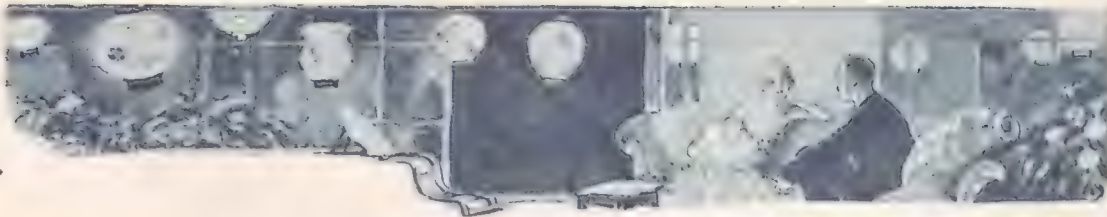
MARRIED TO A DISTINGUISHED INDUSTRIALIST PEER: LADY WEIR.

Lady Weir is the wife of the first Baron Weir, P.C., and is the daughter of Mr. John McConnachie, of Glasgow. She was married in 1904, and has two sons and a daughter. Lord Weir, who has had a distinguished career, and has held office as Scottish Director of Munitions, Director-General of Aircraft Production, Secretary of State and

President of the Air Council, etc., is now much in the public eye, owing to his scheme for the settlement of the coal dispute, which was addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of the Mining Association, and the Secretary of the Miners' Federation. It was hailed in some quarters as a sign-post to coal peace.

*Photograph by Vandyk*

## Coming Lawn-Tennis Champions.



By A. WALLIS MYERS, C.B.E.

I AM one of the few players Britain has some young Really, our pessimists patience. Through the incidence had her championship meeting



AN ATTACKING PLAYER WITH A FAST AMERICAN SERVICE: MISS KEMMIS BETTY.

Photograph by S. and G.

tion. I was amazed, when visiting the Roehampton Tournament recently, to see the new faces on the courts, faces of boys and girls who hit the ball much harder and took less effort than the boys and girls who dabbled at lawn-tennis before the war. That real talent, capable of leaving its mark on the game, will emerge from the present field of young hopefuls, it is impossible to doubt. the demand for sound coaching and steady practice fail to supply of efficient instructors and private hard courts on which lessons may be given. Already schools for beginners have been founded; these will multiply, as they have done in golf.

If I am asked to name young players of to-day who may develop into future Tildens and Lenglens I hesitate, not because these great players are beyond the reach of imitators, but because prospective champions must necessarily undergo a severe apprenticeship before they can expect to become masters. And since one of the essential qualities for British sportsmen is modesty, it would not be serving any useful purpose to hand round premature crowns. I prefer to mention one or two players whom I fancy have championship mettle in them. Lack of opportunity or practice may arrest its development, but it is there nevertheless.

To deal with ladies first, I do not think any can question the ability or the future advance of Miss K. McKane. She has the instinct for all ball games, that intuitive quality which can dispense with coaching. Miss McKane is an all-round player without a visible weakness. She needs, perhaps, a little faster footwork, but that must come when she pursues the singles game more persistently. She is one of the few ladies who have been on the winning side against Mlle. Lenglen—in the Olympic Doubles at Antwerp last year.

over forty who believe champions in the making. must exercise a little of the war, America only suspended for one year; we and the other belligerent countries in Europe had to close down for five years. You cannot arrest natural evolution in that summary manner and expect nothing to happen.

But if the war checked the education of many promising lawn-tennis players, it also introduced the game to thousands of new people—to the myriads who were drawn involuntarily into the open air by the great disturbance of our daily lives, and who began to appreciate the value of exercise and sport for the first time. Most of these new votaries may have passed the age when champions are incubated, but they will hand on their new-born zeal to the younger generation.



A GOOD MATCH PLAYER TEMPERAMENTALLY: MISS HOWKINS.

Photo. by S. and G.



NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN WHEN LAWN-TENNIS IS DISCUSSED: MISS D. C. SHEPHERD.

Photo. by S. and G.

That Mrs. Clayton will move forward, none who have seen her confident driving, produced in the best way, will deny. As Miss Davey she won the girls' championship, and she is now the holder of the East of England championship. Give her an opening on her forehand and she takes it, hitting a fast ball with slight top either down the line or across the court. She is also safe on her backhand and can lob well; her overhead service is easily played. If she could cultivate the backhand volley, the full fruits of her splendid driving would be gathered.

MISS

Ruth Watson, a Durham player, will, if she comes south this summer and gains greater experience, beat all but the very best, and these she need not fear in a year or two. Miss Kemmis Betty, an attacking player with a fast American service, may prove to be, when she gets more accuracy, a second Miss Ryan. I must not forget Miss Howkins and Miss Shepherd, who won the ladies' doubles at Eastbourne last year. Both are volleyers and therefore equipped with modern weapons. Miss Howkins needs a little more sting in all her shots; Miss Shepherd may have to consider whether she will not reconstruct her backhand grip. Temperamentally, both are good match-players.

In the men's sphere, I regard Mr. Brian Norton as a possible champion of the future. Born in South Africa and now resident in

this country, he will not be twenty-two until October next. He won both the South African and Transvaal championships before he came of age. He studies the game closely—much more than his irresponsible air would suggest. He has repaired weaknesses in his stroke fabric by assiduous practice, is an amazingly good strategist for one so young, and has great activity. With more polish he may become a male Lenglen. Mr. M. D. Horn, now at Cambridge University, is at present only a severe server and an intrepid volleyer. His game is Pattersonian in pattern, and he requires ground-stroke equipment. Yet he ought to make rapid progress. Mr. McCarthy, the New Zealand Captain of Cambridge this year, may also advance into prominence. Mr. Bevan, who was in the Eton eleven, has come to the front since he devoted time to lawn-tennis. He has an excellent eye and wrist; soon he will acquire better footwork for overhead play. Mr. J. D. P. Wheatley, who comes from South Africa, will be watched with interest during the coming months. There are several other young players who, when they have steadied down and given as much thought to strokes and tactics as Mr. Norton has done, will fill the places of our former giants. This list of our coming players will, it is to be hoped, cheer up the pessimists who declare that the English supremacy in games is gone.



AN ALL-ROUND PLAYER WITHOUT A VISIBLE WEAKNESS: MISS K. MCKANE.

Photograph by S. and G.



HOLDER OF THE EAST OF ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. CLAYTON, WITH MR. DONISTHORPE.

Photograph by Alfieri.



# At a Society Playground: Club Celebrities.



## PERSONALITIES AT A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS: RANELAGH WELL-KNOWN.

The beauty and charm of Ranelagh Club appeal both to sporting outdoor people and to those who like to sit in a delightful garden and watch others taking exercise. The golf course has been the scene of many important matches; and the fact that lakes, trees, polo pavilions,

and summer-houses are among the hazards adds a special "Ranelagh flavour" to the Royal and Ancient game. The polo matches at Ranelagh are among the most important played, while lawn-tennis, and croquet are other attractions.





## THE WAY OF THE GODS. By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

"Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first deprive of understanding." THE idea of a possible engagement between Sybil Freke and Chippenham Dealtry—known familiarly as "Chips"—was intriguing their social world, who at first had smiled and shrugged at it as the sort of thing that might happen when a blue moon rose or the millennium dawned.

For the little heiress was ambitious and fully aware of her marketable value, whereas Chips had only the younger son's portion—good looks and good teeth.

But people had not allowed for the personal equation—in this case a dominating quantity.

In spite of Sybil's brain telling her that Chips was no match for her large and unencumbered fortune, her other emotional pulses never ceased clamouring for the sight and sound and touch of him.

There are men who attract only one woman to the fullest extent; there are others whose magnetism and masculinity are so strong that they draw every woman into their orbit, more or less—generally more.

And Chips, without the least desire to possess this faculty, or notion of trading on it, was one of these.

Society, therefore, noting that Sybil's attentions were growing more marked, began to hold its breath waiting for the usual announcement to appear.

Sybil herself was aware that she had only to lift an eyelash and he would speak, and until the signal was given he would remain silent.

Chips had no intention of being rebuffed. Her money might be a pleasant adjunct to mutual concord if her heart came with it; but he meant to have the second asset or neither.

He would not have contemplated the thing at all if it had not happened that he was genuinely fond of her. Her very wilfulness and stubborn resistance to his conquest of her enhanced her charm in his eyes; he knew that if she yielded it would be a real love marriage.

So he gave her her head, and though everyone talked of them, nobody talked to them, on the one subject. They did not even know that at one of his clubs bets had been taken and offered on a field of five for the Freke Matrimonial Stakes, with Chips as favourite and handicap to close at Easter. And it was just at this crisis that the Clissolds must needs give a luncheon party and invite Chips without his liege lady.

He accepted in good faith, and the night before, at supper after a play, said casually: "What time do we turn up to-morrow, little Witch?"

Sybil looked at him doubtfully. "Where?" she asked—"there's nothing on, is there?"

"The Clissolds," he replied, "tiffin—don't you remember?" How about meeting in the Park and going on together?"

"They haven't asked me," Sybil said laconically.

He could tell at once she was edgy, but the real reason escaped him. To-morrow was her birthday, and she had been waiting to see if he would make any plan for it, or call and lay floral offerings at her feet.

"Why not?" he queried. "Are you sure? I thought for certain you would be there."

Sybil reflected that the Clissolds' code was a very easy one. People who belonged to each other were seldom asked together, and in their special little coterie there was a dislike to everything conventional—or "drab," as they called it. There would be many gay Philistines in the party, she thought, and Chips would, as usual, be popular.

One of the strongest proofs that she really loved him was an over-mastering jealousy, and Chips never willingly roused it.

Her silence showed vexation, and he said lightly: "I'll cut it—ring them up presently and slide out. I can be called away from Town for the afternoon."

"Oh, no, you can't," Sybil said quickly; "because—well, I was going to ask you to turn up for tea."

"Right! Early tea or late?"

She laughed, half mollified.

"How about three, or quarter past?" she suggested—"if you can get away so soon. The Clissolds' functions are rather elastic as a rule. One never knows how far they are going to stretch."

"I don't want to go," Chips said. "Can't you ask me to lunch and let me say I had forgotten it?"

But Sybil vetoed that.

"I'm not going to be made a bugbear," she declared. "They would think I wanted to be asked. Don't mention me to them at all. Just go—and come on as soon as they'll let you."

She consoled herself by reflecting that if he had forgotten her birthday, he would be disconcerted when he arrived and found an eloquent array of chocolate-boxes and posies, and possibly admirers. If he had flirted at lunch his remorse would be all the greater, and she could look forward to a delightful evening with him, and, perhaps, the deferred proposal at the end of it.

The Clissolds, a brother and sister who went in for being Bohemian, had arranged what they called a kiss-and-tell competition to follow the lunch, and were keen to rope in all their guests for it.

Chips found himself between a little new American actress, bent on making a fresh conquest, and a widowed Mrs. Fisher, who had a contralto voice with a slur in it, a pair of sleepy eyes, and three thousand a year. These were the significant points about her; the voice with the touch of hoarseness being considered a distinct fascination, suggestive of interesting proclivities. Chips, watching the time, and thinking of Sybil, was civil but bored, and when the *soufflé* appeared, was seeking a cogent reason for abrupt departure.

"Have you chosen your partner, Mr. Dealtry?" said Miss Clissold. "You simply must play. We won't take any excuse."

"I'm awfully sorry," Chips replied; "but—the fact is—I've got an engagement—I'm overdue for it now."

"Oh, nonsense! You can easily *balash* it."

"I'm afraid not," he said.

"Which way are you going?" asked the American. "I'd like to have you see me as far as Bond Street."

"I'm so sorry," Chips answered, "but I've got to get to—to Harrow."

"Harrow!" echoed Mrs. Fisher. "Why, I'm driving there. I'll give you a lift."

He protested that he couldn't think of bothering her, and in addition that he really had to start at once. It was hopeless.

Miss Clissold made some pungent remarks about people eloping on the spur of the moment, and Harrow Hill being an appropriate spot, and Mrs. Fisher got her way.

Her car was outside, and Chips found himself rapidly conveyed Harrow-wards.

"How pensive we are!" said the contralto voice as they raced through Hendon. "I don't believe you want to go to Harrow at all. Do you?"

Chips held his peace. The slurring voice trailed off into a laugh.

"Confess!" she said—"and I'll let you off, provided you tell me where you were really going."

He debated, and she laughed again.

"Look here," she resumed, "let's own up. You know Lord Ranulph Martyn?"

"I've met him, of course."

"He's in the running for Sybil Freke."

"I beg pardon."

Chips was so stern that she realised her mistake.

"I mean," she said, "he is rather taken with her. Anyway, don't waste time by being cross. Rannie is sending her some flowers to-day—I know because I was in the flower-shop and saw her name and address in his writing on the label, and, well—frankly—I should be awfully glad if someone else took her some flowers that she—liked better. Rannie is a great friend of mine, and—there's no obstacle to our becoming greater friends, except that Miss Freke happens to be better off than I am. Now, shall I stop the car?"

"Why," asked Chips evasively and coldly, "did you say you were going to Harrow?"

"Because I live there. It's a better reason than yours, isn't it? I wanted to tell you about Rannie. You might be just in time to save the situation if you forestall him."

It was a bit of a problem. Chips felt a sudden increase of dislike for Mrs. Fisher and the confidential relations she was setting up between them. It was three o'clock already; and he would be late for his appointment with Sybil anyhow. And he did not care to league himself with the over-candid widow's plots in anything that concerned Sybil.

"I'm sorry I must keep to my arrangements," he began stiffly, when the words were jolted from his lips by a violent lurch of the car, followed by the crash of splintering glass and wood.

(Continued on page 5)



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## FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

**S**IMON CALLED PETER" is undoubtedly an attempt to shock people awake. It will shock many in quite another way; but I imagine Mr. Robert Keable, who wrote it, feels that this is no time to be hampered by Victorian delicacy. He certainly has no use for it. In making his serious attempt to examine the junior officer in all his spiritual upheavals, he has presented the complete subaltern of both sexes down to the ultimate "undie."

Mr. Keable obtains his effect by projecting Peter Graham, curate, from out the fold of a religion that is sleek and respectable into the chaotic moral welter of the war. Hilda the rigorously conventional gives way to Julie the nurse, vivacious and shameless, who has both a heart of gold and a too great proneness for discussing her lingerie.



ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA IN 1863: THE ENGLISH ELEVEN WHO WENT TO PLAY THE AUSTRALIANS.

Everyone is thinking cricket at the moment, so this illustration showing the eleven who went to Australia in 1863 to play cricket for England will interest many people. The names, reading from left to right, are (back row): Julius Caesar, Alfred Clarke, George Tarrant, George Parr, E. M. Grace, Robert Carpenter, George Anderson, and William Caffyn; (seated): Robert C. Finlay, Thomas Lockyer, Thomas Heyward, and John Jackson.

Photograph from a print kindly lent for reproduction, by Augustin Rischgitz, The Studios, Linden Gardens, W.2.

The shock of Julie, the American bars, and the night life of the streets of "rest" areas, together with the complete indifference of all men for his cloth and his message, shatter Peter's conventional morality. He feels that he who has come to save souls can only provide cigarettes.

As a result of his spiritual landslide he comes to the conclusion that he must "get down to reality. I am going to eat and drink with publicans and sinners; maybe I shall find my Master there." With a ruthless plainness, an almost bitter lack of false sentiment, and a truthfulness that is, at times, quite literally stark, Mr. Keable sets out this soul Odyssey. It is a human and humanising experience among quite representative men and women in bars and streets, in gaiety and misery, in the companionship of pleasure and terror. Peter not only consorts with the publican and sinner, but also becomes one of them, even to the startling and detailed three nights (or was it five?) with Julie in a London hotel, in which he touches the depth and begins to rise again.

Mr. Alec Waugh is also deeply and seriously excited by the stuff that makes life. In "Pleasure" he is intensely concerned with such commonplace souls as those who are acutely disturbed by the weakness of the Middlesex bowling, and who see in the unconsidering love of a wife for another man only the breaking of the one really satisfactory companionship with a best friend.

Mr. Waugh, in his nine keen studies is, in fact, accenting the realism of the commonplace. For him it is the tremendous trivialities that dominate and mould ordinary existence rather than the dramatic crises. The result is that his stories are very good ones indeed. In one he shows a man gradually becoming so absorbed in the married Daphne through discussing his love affair with the unmarried Naomi that his engagement to the latter shows him how fatally he has become

entangled with her. Another exhibits that figment of fiction, the strong silent man, struggling against the human accumulation of petty conventions, and usually being suffocated by it. And, as becomes the author of "The Loom of Youth," Mr. Waugh finds a humanity that is interesting in some phases of school life, particularly in school friendships. But he writes of everyday life also, and of the war, with a method that shows a growing strength.

Mr. J. O. P. Bland, in his turn, is a realist in travel. He returns to his old stamping ground in "China, Japan, and Korea," after a ten years' absence, and he finds much that robs the East of its glamour. He cannot accept the sentimental illusion that, with the rise of Young China and the Republic, the old China has entered upon a more glorious phase. "Democracy" and "Republic" are words that have no magic for him, as they have worked none for the Dragon Empire. The truth, as he sees it, "if not with impartiality, at least with complete independence," shows him a kingdom racked to ruins by the squabbles of text-book intellectuals and economists, in which nothing is accomplished but chaos, and in which the "common people for whom all these high-sounding things are being done are decimated by brigandage and famine."

It is an appalling picture of intrigue and misery, in which mandarins like Yuan Shih K'ai, the bland, friendly, and evasive, fight for their own hand; and others like Chang Tso-lin, the slender, scholar brigand, with "the financial acumen of a Morgan and the business instincts of a Selfridge," accumulate power and wealth; while all the time Young China puts on bowler hats, tam-o'-shanters, spats, and high-heeled shoes over its Oriental silks, grabs European loans, and preaches a doctrine of European democracy impossible in such a fatherland.

Mr. Bland, of whose sympathy for the East there is no doubt, is convinced that China will not only be ruined, but will be a danger to civilisation unless the Powers take control of her for her own good. He is an acute and cool observer who presents his facts and his descriptions with an epigrammatic lucidity. He has done nothing more brilliant or more valuable than this book. His political survey demands close attention, and his pictures of the modern East are a real delight. He shows us the blood-curdling plays of the Japanese theatre, with the splendidly modest Utagemon playing young women's parts with grace and dignity at sixty. He shows us Japan aggressively modern, yet shedding some of its Western



ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA IN 1921. THE AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN WHO HAVE COME OVER TO PLAY ENGLAND.

This photograph shows the Australian Eleven who have come over to play England this year. It is an amusing contrast in style to the group of the English side in 1863, which is also illustrated on this page.

Photograph by Bassano.

artificialities for the old graces and customs of its ancient life. He shows us Korea, the Land of the Morning Calm, and modern Shanghai and Shantung, and the highly Japanned Peking of 1920. He is, as ever, stimulating, glowing, and brisk.

Simon Called Peter. By Robert Keable. (Constable; 8s. 6d.)

Pleasure. By Alec Waugh. (Grant Richards; 8s. 6d.)

China, Japan, and Korea. By J. O. P. Bland. (Heinemann; 21s.)



## With Nefertari: Ap Ithel.



THE HON. MRS. RICHARD BETHELL: WITH HER DAUGHTER AND HER SON RICHARD.

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell is the wife of Captain the Hon. Richard Bethell, Scots Guards, Lord Westbury's only son, and is the daughter of the late Colonel George Hutton, C.B. She was married in 1911, and has a little girl, Veronica Wenefryde Nefertari, now in

her fourth year, and a boy, Richard Morland Tollemache, who was born in 1914. The present Lord Westbury is the third Baron, and the family are of Welsh extraction, their motto being "Ap Ithel," which is the old Welsh manner of spelling the family name.



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## Soon to be a Colonel's Lady.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. F. MINCHIN, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.: MISS BETTY SELBY-LOWNDES.

Miss Betty Selby Lowndes is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Selby-Lowndes, of Mursley Grange, Winslow, Bucks. Her engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel F. F. Minchin, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Bar,

second son of Major-General F. F. Minchin, C.B., of Annagh Borriskane, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, has been announced. Miss Selby-Lowndes is a pretty girl, and well known in the hunting-field.

*Photograph No. 1, by Yevonde; No. 2, by F. A. Swaine.*





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"Yes, you know my size in tees, as well as you know my taste in cigarettes. Will you bet me your last Kenilworth that I don't reach the green?"

Kenilworths are made of such mellow tobacco that you can smoke as many of them as you please. Their smoothness, their mild flavour, their exclusive quality, render Kenilworths the most enjoyable cigarettes.

And the way in which Kenilworths are made—with the long strips of golden tobacco arranged in straight lines—ensures that they smoke evenly and not too fast.

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Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes and Tobacco.



**R**ETURNS once again to the rejoicing earth (along with hay-fever, rheumatism, snow-blindness, and other symptoms of the English summer) the rustic week-end. You know the kind. All the long, long week of work you promise it to yourself. Have you not said in your heart, as you studied the familiar *terrain* in the shaving-glass, that What You Want is a Change? And have not your wishes been echoed by the housemaid who overheard them, the partner of your joys and sorrows who would give anything to dodge ordering Sunday lunch, and the assembled railway companies of England, who offer you no facilities for getting anywhere, and then proceed to cover their premises with pictures of how nice it will be when you get there?

Yes. (That, in case it startled you, was the answer to the rhetorical question with which the last paragraph closed on a note of high eloquence; because questions should always be answered: one does not ask them for the sake of asking them—no, Commander, this is not the House of Commons.) Therefore, as Friday evening draws to its close (or perhaps as Saturday morning wears to its height—it all depends on the state of your engagements), you make all preparations for taking the road out of London. They take up your bed and you walk. As far as the station. Carrying two bags. That is, if you can't Find Anything.



**PAINTING HER SON'S PORTRAIT: LADY GREENWOOD AT THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE, DUBLIN.**

Lady Greenwood, the wife of Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is an artist of considerable talent. Our photograph shows her in the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Dublin, at work on a portrait of her only son, David Henry Hamar, who was born in 1914.—[Photograph by C.N.]

porter at Liverpool Street with quite a different air when the Waugh-Proffingtons have asked you down to Newly Place over Sunday and when you are going down to that little hotel at Cromer for a breath of air.

But nearly all, nearly everybody's week-ends are of the hireling variety, whatever they may say. And not so bad either. If you bar, that is, the other people who share your temporary roof. One has often wondered, and one has never, so far as I am aware, ascertained (unless some intrepid investigator has published his results in any of the regular scientific journals) where the Other People in Hotels come from. Or go to. But perhaps they never go. Which leaves still open the mystery of where they arrived from on that dim, palæolithic day when their luggage stood in the porch for its labels to be read by still other, Neanderthal residents.

Take the old lady from whose inquisitive nose these lines, which are being written under it, derive an added piquancy. Pince-nez,

a voice like a rock-drill, an effaced and semi-detached husband, hair which refuses to do Time's bidding (except in those unapproachable, antipodean spots which the bottle could not reach), and a loudly and frequently expressed anxiety as to the spread of Bolshevism in these once happy islands, combine to make of her a singularly mysterious figure. Her mind is demonstrably provincial. But she is always boasting about her favourite Metropolitan shops. Suburbs? Reigate? North Kensington? Give it up. She is just a hotel guest, unplaceable, unknowable.



**TO MARRY CAPTAIN RONALD WALKER ON JUNE 2: MISS NOEL WENTWORTH.**

Miss Noel Wentworth is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Wentworth, of Woolley Park, Wakefield. Her marriage to Capt. Ronald Walker, the third son of the late Sir James Walker, of Sand Hutton, and of Mrs. Symonds, of Moyns Park, Essex, is fixed to take place on June 2.

Photograph by Lafayette.

any other soil than this particular health-resort's salubrious loam (see small bills, or for further particulars inquire of Town Clerk). Of his riddle, as of so many that confront one in British hotels, there is but one answer. It is to be found in several cages at the "Zoo," "Born in the Menagerie."

But even with them—and you will never escape them unless unlimited means and a private sitting-room are your lot—the hireling week-end is not so bad. You can get up—or not—when you like, and have what meals you want, and take as little exercise as you please, which is more than can be said of many an invited stay under a Hospitable Roof.



**OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA: MRS. WILKINSON.**

Mrs. Wilkinson, who is the wife of Captain Russell Wilkinson, has gone to South Africa to join her husband, who is on the staff of Prince Arthur of Connaught. Our photograph shows her with her two children, Diana and Derek.

Photograph by Kisa Martin.





# 1915

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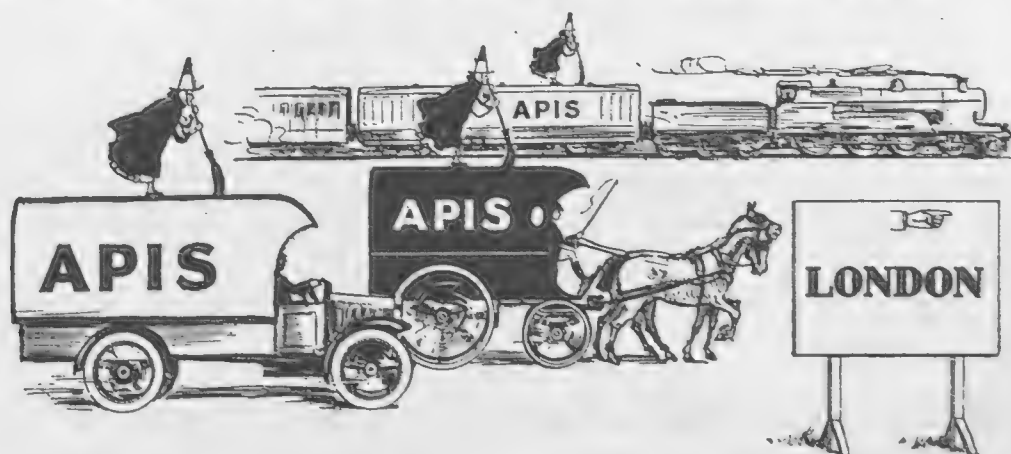
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### NOTE :

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## 1921 *Daily deliveries from Sheffield*



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# That's the Stuff to Give 'Em!



HE: What about that stuff for your dress?

SHE: Oh, nobody's wearing that now.

HE: Well, what about *this* stuff?

SHE: Why, everybody's wearing that!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



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TWO things, chiefly, give distinction to an "Old Bleach" tablecloth, and recommend it to all women who take a pride in their store of linen. **Q.** Firstly: The gentle process and old-time method of prolonged bleaching on the grass preserves the natural strength and lustre of the flax. Secondly: The care with which the designs are prepared and carried out.

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**C**OLOUR schemes are the favourite idea in Paris balls just now. The rainbow is being freely drawn upon. There has been a golden ball; there are to be pink balls and blue balls—not, be it understood, blue in the American sense—green balls, tricolour balls, and I don't know what besides. Often the expected presence of some well-known persons is actually advertised. Thus we were told on posters that Pearl White (whose name in itself is a beautiful colour scheme) would be the chief guest at the Golden Ball, which was got up in the Quartier Latin by the artists, and at which traditions of artistic revelry (whatever that may mean) were maintained.

But what better decoration than black and white? That was the scheme adopted for the first of a brilliant series of balls at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. They are to be held every Friday for a month, and on each occasion a fresh effect of ensemble is to be found. I cannot imagine anything to surpass the Black and White Ball. It was certainly the smartest event that has taken place this season in the Gay City.

It was the Marquise de Polignac who organised the dance, which was in aid of the stricken town of Rheims—where the champagne comes from. If the background was in black and white, the dresses were of the utmost diversity. When the President of the Republic and Mme. Millerand arrived, all fashionable Paris was there, and the creations of all the *grands couturiers* were to be seen. Everywhere—on the walls, on the pillars—ran the black and white lines. It might be thought that this scheme would be monotonous, that the dazzle stripes could hardly be sufficiently varied. *Eh bien*, the ingenuity that was displayed in breaking up the design—in inserting squares and lozenges and ovals of black or of white among these multitudinous parallel lines—was extraordinary.

Although, as I say, there was every kind of gown, many of the guests followed the zebra fashion—which will, I think, catch on—and appeared in the most Futurist of robes. Miss Pearl White had made her own dress—or at least had helped to cut it out and to “compose” it—a charming thing of black crêpe relieved by touches of white. *Mistinguett*, on the contrary, was in white. The new Madame Sans-Gêne, whose playing of Réjane's old part has taken Paris by storm, was in a satin gown reminiscent of the First Empire—were we not at that moment celebrating the centenary of Napoleon?—with ermine wraps.

Indeed, white was the favourite. I suppose it is not usual to describe the costume of mere man, but Maurice, the dancer, who has

caused a furore in the French capital, was very conspicuous in a Russian dress of silver brocade trimmed with fur. As for his partner, Miss Leonora Hughes, she had a lovely white chiffon frock.

It was Captain Molyneux, the young English dress-designer, who is shortly to be married to Miss Muriel Dunsmuir (he is now evolving the wedding gown of his bride-to-be), who provided what was, perhaps, the most striking creation of the evening—a thing of glittering silver fish-scales ending in a mermaid's tail.

Black lace and silver brocade made irresistible combinations—and, of course, this gave the opportunity of wearing wonderful Spanish mantillas. It is becoming not uncommon to powder the hair—white hair and pink youthful cheeks are ravishing—and at the Black and White Ball there were several white coiffures contrasting with jet bodices or matching silver lace. But there were those who splashed some colour on the scene—yellow shawls, purple panels, mauve bands, red feather fans, and so forth.

The Marquise de Polignac is American—or perhaps one should say, was American. The success that she obtained has brought her felicitations from Tout Paris. She was herself wrapped in a magnificent black shawl—a Spanish shawl—embroidered with white blossoms.

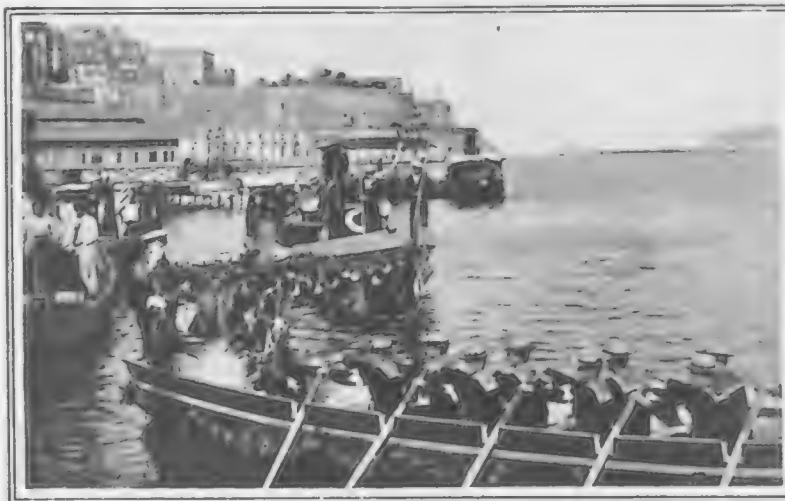
Mannequins wearing the most remarkable dresses passed in review. Many of the most popular entertainers of Paris amused the audience. At supper Cécile Sorel and Marthe Chenal (who has sung the “Marseillaise” oftener than anyone else in the world) and Jane Renouardt and others helped in the arrangements. But the *clou* of the show was the amazing performance of the American Southern Syncopated Orchestra, which is having an enormous vogue.

I think a little incident which has been brought to my notice shows how easy it is to do our French friends harm in insisting too much on the lighter side of life in the Gay City. Paris really laughs and holds carnivals and processions, and has some perfectly improper performances—but sometimes the chroniclers exaggerate. They exaggerated about the King of Sweden, who recently visited us. There were sent to American journals long stories of how the King had left the Folies-Bergère, indignantly declaring that the spectacle was immoral. The Prefect of Police, according to this story, had been dismissed, and the Government had made its excuses to the Royal visitor! Need I say that the whole *affaire* is an invention? Imagination often runs riot in Paris. It is all meant innocently enough, but—well, it does harm when diplomatic issues are delicately poised.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



**MARRIED AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, VALETTA, MALTA: LIEUTENANT J. D. STEVENSON, R.N., AND MISS RUBY SLADE THOMSON.**  
The marriage of Lieutenant J. D. Stevenson, R.N., of H.M.S. “Ajax,” and Miss Ruby Slade Thomson, daughter of the late Major Slade Thomson, and of Mrs. Slade Thomson, was celebrated at St. Paul's Cathedral, Valetta, Malta. The bride was given away by Captain V. H. Haggard, C.M.G., R.N., and attended by Miss Marjorie Rochfort-Boyd. H.R.H. Prince George attended the wedding, and the guests included Lady Plumer, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Brooke, and Lady Bedford.



**AN UNUSUAL WEDDING PROCESSION: LIEUTENANT J. D. STEVENSON AND MRS. STEVENSON GOING TO THEIR WEDDING RECEPTION IN A TWELVE-OARED CUTTER.**

After the wedding ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral, Valetta, Malta, Lieutenant J. D. Stevenson and his bride, Miss Ruby Slade Thomson, were rowed in a twelve-oared cutter, decorated for the occasion, to H.M.S. “Ajax,” where the reception was held, by kind permission of Admiral Sir John de Robeck, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.





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# VOGUES & VANITIES

By CARMEN of COCKAYNE



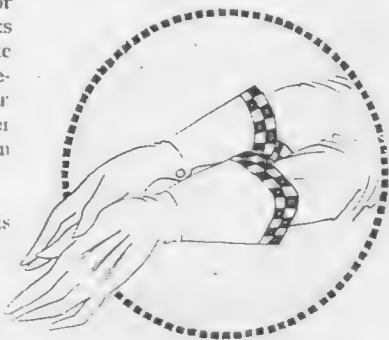
**Bearing Up.** Did you think that the great authorities in the dress world were down-hearted? Were you, by any chance, imagining that there was weeping and lamentation in the frock parlours of the West End? If so, prepare to change your views. It is true that the industrial situation is responsible, at the moment of writing, for some disappointment—quite natural, when Court gowns have been "held up" instead of going to Buckingham Palace on the appointed day. But it takes much to depress a dress artist. Court gowns are not, for the moment, wanted; other frocks are. Very well, then; he'll make other frocks, and wraps, and delightful et-ceteras of all kinds in order to help Mamma and her daughter to forget that the season isn't as gay as they'd hoped.

**Looking to Ascot.** Besides, there is Ascot ahead and that's always the signal for great activity in the dress salons. But I mentioned et-ceteras; and at Ascot a parasol is always an important accessory. At Jay's, in Regent Street, where they have been devoting rather special attention to this subject, Ella Fulton saw several new varieties, one of which she has sketched on this page. One hears that grey and beige shades will predominate at Ascot. It will therefore be the business of sunshades to supply colour. The sunshade Ella Fulton has sketched is of chiffon, hand-painted, and the shape, as you see, is that of a Japanese umbrella—a delicate compliment, no doubt, to the Japanese Crown Prince. The long stick is painted with gold. There are other examples, one specially striking one showing a gold-and-green dragon painted against a black background.



Just to show that jumpers are still gay. This one is of jade-and-white-striped alpaca wool.

sunshades are lined with a contrasting silk: green with a yellow interior, and navy blue treated the same way. Both look well, and a cherry-coloured lining throws a becoming light on the holder's face. There is yet another weapon for a woman to interpose between herself and the sun, and that is a diminutive "militaire" affair. One seen at Jay's had a stout Malacca handle, with a carved ivory parrot on the top. From end to end it could scarcely have measured more than two feet; so, as you will scarcely need telling, it is intended as a complexion-protector in carriage or car; though, of course, there's



White gloves have black checks on the gauntlets.

## Fringes and Frivolity.

But there are other kinds of sunshades, too, rather more substantial in character. Some are of silk deeply fringed all round, and really, I shouldn't like to venture an opinion as to when it looks best—open with the fringe hanging down all round, or closed, when it looks like a fluffy ball stuck on to the handle, that, by-the-by, is very thick, in the smartest models, and is frequently, for convenience' sake, provided with a ring, or horseshoe-shaped attachment, in brightly coloured galalith, so that it can be slipped over the wrist. These more substantial kinds of



A wrap, as you see, can be an airy sort of affair, and display the beauty of the dress underneath it.

nothing to prevent a pedestrian using it if she feels so inclined. And just one more note on parasols. The very latest kind of all is made of raffia straw dyed different colours. Who says that the artist in sunshades is not enterprising!

## Gay Hands and Ankles.

The first glove-wearers had no foolish fancies that gloves, to be in good taste, must be plain. Beautifully embroidered and decorated gloves in museums show that our ancestors liked decorative extremities; and the tendency to go back to their ideas is a feature of fashion today. On this page you see a pair of white kid gauntlet gloves "trimmed" round the edge with black checks. But that is only one way of making gloves more interesting. There are black ones, punched to show a white bar and spot design; brown ones treated in the same way; and white kid models, the tops of which are lined with pale blue. Then, again, there are embroidered gauntlet gloves; and these are, perhaps, the most attractive of all. White kid ones, with black stitchery in a scroll design on the gauntlets, are very



Striped hosiery and silk stockings, and very nice too.

pleasant to the eye; but so are the suede models in pale-biscuit shades, that carry frivolity to the length of indulging in an outburst of green or scarlet embroidery. Conservative women may feel doubtful of the appearance of gloves of this type, but a visit to Jay's will quite certainly convince them that "New times, new gloves," is a very good principle to adopt. Stockings have long displayed frivolous tendencies: those shown on this page are rather specially suitable for summer wear. They are of blue hosiery, striped with white silk; but other colour-schemes are also available.

## Merry and Bright.

Jumpers long ago decided upon "Merry and bright" as their own special and particular motto, and, in spite of rumours that they are about to disappear, show no signs of doing anything of the kind. You'll admit that a jade-green-and-white-striped model in alpaca wool of the kind shown on this page is a far from gloomy garment; and as it is by no means the only colour-scheme available, a woman can make herself look cheerful in a number of ways. These alpaca-wool models are rather specially attractive because, besides being particularly light in weight, they are delightfully warm—two qualities that are not always combined in one and the same garment.

## Light Wraps.

The cape fashion is spreading rapidly, and there's no doubt that a graceful cape is a becoming addition to any toilette. Don't be under the delusion that a cape is of necessity a warmth-giving garment. Chiffon and georgette, as well as crêpe-de-Menthe, are all used for cape, cloak, and wrap-making. The last-named material is used for the model on this page, the white lining of which shows touches of jade-coloured embroidery. The little collar is ermine. It is, as you see, not large enough to be inconveniently warm, but quite sufficiently large to provide a smart finish to the model.



The parasol is of painted chiffon. Note the Japanese umbrella shape.





The Dolly Sisters wearing the wonderful fancy-dress costume representing Ciro Pearls, in which they gained the First Prize at the Warriors' Day Ball, Covent Garden.

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## Through a Glass Lightly



THE woman who forgives the past forgets the future.

A very bad actor was full of aspiration. For some reason unknown, most bad actors aspire. This particular bad actor was obsessed by a peculiar failing—peculiar, that is, to good as well as to bad actors. He invariably mis-read his lines. Then, after resting for many months, he secured a "shop"—otherwise, job. It was a simple sort of affair. His part was that of a butler. Most of his "appearances" during the show consisted of bringing in trays, handing over telegrams (it was a modern play of the existing school), and bowing and making "exits." But he had one line. The Squire had to say to him, "Is my car ready, James?" And the line he had to say in reply was, "It is, my Lord." But on the first night he mis-fired even on those five words. For, when the villain Squire said, "Is my car ready, James?" the forgetful mummer said, "Is it?"

Every emergency has its own early exit.

The man with an empty cellar is not necessarily short of salt.

There's a certain alleged witicism going the rounds these days in a form different from that in which I heard it first about twenty-two years ago. It matters not to us what form the joke takes now, but when first brought to light—or rather, resuscitated—it was in this form. A man first borrowed a piece of my best, embossed notepaper, and, at the same time helping himself to a pen, drew in a straggly sort of way what appeared and what was meant to be a plan of a small village. "Now," said he. "I want to point out the features on this drawing, so that you will be able to answer the conundrum at the end of my story." And he proceeded to do so. Here was a church called St. Nicholas; there a public-house known as Edward Head; there the vicarage, where lived the vicar, whose name was the Rev. Daniel Doone; beyond that a street led out of the square, and the street was called Headward Street (it was to be noted that the street was a cul-de-sac—for an unknown purpose, that was important); then beyond the end (dead) of the street was the river, on which a dark spot indicated a small punt in which was an old man, the oldest inhabitant. Having so described the plan, with all particulars, the jester said: "Now, then, think of all those things and tell me the name of the man in the punt." I tried every possible name—and you can see the possibilities—but finally gave up. He said, "Higginbotham." I asked, "Why?" His reply was, "Well, because that

was his father's name." (Try it after dinner. You'll find a lot of "biters.")

Whenever a man is "done" or made to look like a "mug" (colloquial for "saftie"), he finds solace somehow in some antiquated aphorism or proverb for which, ordinarily, he would have no use. For instance, I have a friend who is so often taken in that he derives intense personal and secret pleasure and comfort from the good old proverb: "To every man a dam sell or two."

He thought he saw an ancestor  
Who walked about the house;  
He looked again and found it was  
An incandescent mouse.  
"Turn on the coldest tap," he  
cried;  
"It's time I had a souse."

A man who had had a real "night before" stayed in the house of his host. In the morning, being a privileged visitor, he strolled into the morning-room in search of something to buck him up and make him feel strong enough to roll out a few resolutions as to going to bed early and so on. But in the morning-room he found his host's son, aged nine, reading the pictures in a daily paper. Not wishing to contaminate the youth's mind, the guest forebore from taking what he came for, and, letting his eyes roam from a tempting decanter, saw on the sideboard a golden pyramid of oranges. To the youth the guest said: "Duggie, do you think your dad would mind if I took one of his nice oranges? I'm feeling very dry." And the precocious one, with a look filled with callow commiseration for an unfortunate adult, said: "Don't think father will mind. Better try one. You'll find them pretty dry."

That nephew of mine, who has now taken greatly to drawing, brought off an original one when an artist called and found him in the midst of a series of quaint lines and colours that vaguely represented something. The artist said: "Hello, sonny, so you're going to be an artist, are you?" The nephew, licking a brush and dabbing on a further splash of colour, lisped in limpid voice: "Oh, no; not that. It's our history lesson. We have to draw portraits of great people in history, and it's always Oliver Cromwell or Duliuseaser or Dod or someone."

There are always plenty of roses in a fool's paradise.

Such is the sway of things that some modern painters play to the (art) gallery.

Taking it all in all, the average woman—if there is a woman who is average—would much rather have a new hat than a sense of humour.—SPEX.



ENGAGED TO MR. ALEC CARTMELL: MISS AMY MACKAY.

Miss Amy Mackay is engaged to Mr. Alec Cartmell, third son of Sir Harry Cartmell. This is her latest portrait.



SOCIETY WOMEN AS SCREEN "SUPERS": LADY PARKER AND MRS. ELINOR GLYN AT A FILM REHEARSAL.

Many Society women act as "supers" in film plays nowadays—in fact, not to have acted for the pictures is to be behind the times! Our photograph shows some interesting people receiving instructions preparatory to being filmed in Cecil B. de Mille's production based on Arthur Schnitzler's "The Affairs of Anatol." The names, reading from left to right, are: Lady Parker, Mr. Wallace Reid, Mr. C. B. de Mille, Mrs. Glyn, and Sir Gilbert Parker.

Photograph by T.P.A.



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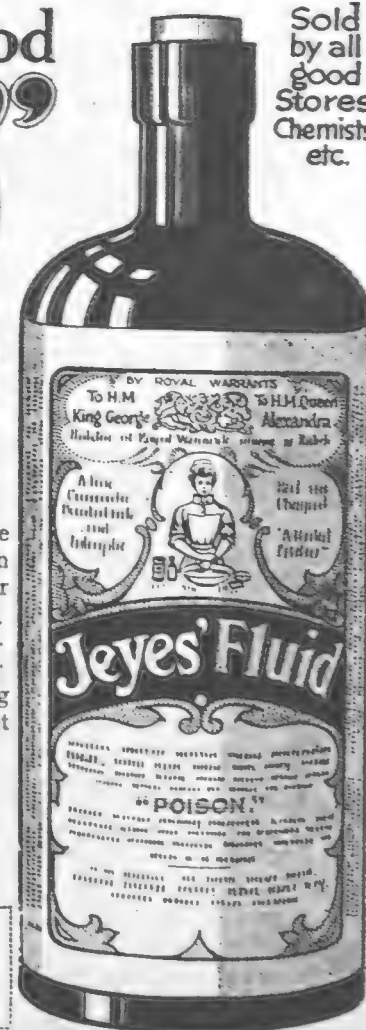
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# MOTOR DICTA



## DORA AND DRY ROT: A PUKKA POST-WAR PROPOSITION.

By GERALD BISS.

I AM one of those peculiar people who strongly believe that the man at the wheel of a car should not drink at all, apart from some beer at lunch and some light wine at dinner, if he be driving afterwards. As for the man who gets drunk, or even partly so, at the wheel and risks not only his own life, but those of his passengers and other users of the road—well, the stone jug and a period of cool, isolated reflection within four walls and behind iron bars (not the gilded saloon sort) is the only place for him, with his license taken away for a year or two, if not for ever. But that is no reason why the other people in the car should not be able to get a drink except at certain circumscribed hours, just because once upon a time there was a war, and it was necessary, or thought to be, apart from the big cut all round, to cut down the recognised facilities for travellers by road and by rail (who from time immemorial have had the moral, legal, and physical right to "reasonable refreshment"), because of troops on the move and so forth. Now the only moral objection is the price of the stuff; and it is absurd that travellers, be they on road or on rail, should be deprived of such "reasonable refreshment" owing to the firm refusal to die, either by Act of God or Act of Parliament, on the

part of dear old hypochondriacal Dora—quite the worst woman who ever ruled Great Britain or any other country.



THE SCULPTOR-WIFE OF AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE POLO-PLAYER: MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the wife of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, the well-known New York millionaire sportsman and polo-player, is a clever sculptor, whose work is now being exhibited at Thomas McLean's Gallery, Haymarket. She is famous in America, and has created several important monuments, including the group erected by the women of America to the memory of men lost in the "Titanic" disaster.

Photograph by Nicholas Muray.

part of dear old hypochondriacal Dora—quite the worst woman who ever ruled Great Britain or any other country.

### Alcohol and Automobilism.

Lion atte Cobham, so well known to motorists from the earliest pioneer days through his cycling connection. He is quite right, and it is high time that this matter, amongst a good many other examples of surviving bureaucracy, be adjusted. It may be argued that the old three-mile limit had grown a bit farcical and was abused by unworthy, unprincipled, and over-thirsty persons, and that bold, bad people at times went through the solemn formality of buying the cheapest possible tickets which would qualify them technically as travellers and procure them entrance to station buffets; but these points, which would be promptly raised by Pussyfoot controllers who desire to stay on and die in the last dry ditch, could easily be adjusted, and the limit even extended in these days of auto-propulsion, which has made distances so much shorter. In fact, one man I used to know before he crossed the final bar of all, and went to fresh hunting-grounds which are said to be drier than ever American enthusiasts dreamt of, used to say that all his life he had made a habit of having a drink every ten miles. In his walking days it did him a lot of good, and in the days when he drove a trap it did not do him any harm; but the advent of automobilism, he admitted, superinduced delirium tremens. This is a sad example of the other extreme; but you can't legislate for extremists either way, or cure emery-paper palates by Act of Parliament, and such should certainly not be regarded as standard and quoted against ordinary folk to their despoite.

### Not a Drop!

On a recent Sunday, for instance, towards the end of a long day's motoring in an open car, we got caught in one of those very heavy sudden showers for which one never puts up the hood promptly enough, carrying on obstinately till one is soured externally. Having put up the hood, the rain, of course, promptly ceased; but we under the hood, too inert to take it down again, developed that beastly damp, chilly feeling down our spinal columns, so we decided to call a halt at the next decent place and break our liquid fast of many hours' standing with something that used to be grateful and comforting before the war. It was passed *nem. con.* within the car itself—but, oh dear no! Man may propose, but Dora disposes. It was twenty minutes to seven, and there was nothing doing till the clock struck and the tapes went up. What price that for futility amongst grown-up people in alleged time of peace? It is great-grandmotherly rule by regulation run riot; and something has got to be done. The car I was on was one of the delightful new Napiers—a real post-war car of outstanding merit, of which I have written with unstinted praise several times in these columns since it made its début in 1919; and each further trial more than confirms first impressions, and I have never yet had a shadow of doubt or disappointment in a mileage considerably over the thousand.

### Aeroplaning on Wheels.

This 38-90 model owes much to the highly successful aero-engine work done during and since the war at the Napier works at Acton, and to me its outstanding feature and sheer delight is its aeroplane feeling—its lightness, its power, its swift acceleration and its apparently effortless rush through the air. In fact, you pay the car the compliment, the greatest compliment one can pay any car, of forgetting all about it at times, and simply travel on the gearless wings of the wind. I had a friend with me, a pretty hard baked amateur motorist of many years' standing, who had never been on the post-war Napier, and he was frankly delighted and wanted one—but the slump! My only fear for the Napier and a good many top-price sawyers is the world's ability to purchase in adequate quantities of cash for some years to come. Of the design and the quality I have no fear, and to my mind I find it hard to believe that it comes out of the same stable as the pre-war Napiers—with the possible exception of the 1913 "35." Another person who is frankly delighted with this model is that not inconsiderable expert and inventor, the irrepressible Rapson, who a week or two back wrote me a most enthusiastic screed bubbling with superlatives as to its class and capabilities. Funnily enough, my morning mail, before starting on the Sabbath, brought me a chit from the Rolls-Royce folk to inform me that the Napier designer, Mr. A. J. Rowledge, had just been annexed and had joined up at Derby. What more subtle and delicate compliment could be paid to a rival? Used not the lads of the village of Rome to say: *Fas est et ab hoste doceri?* This remark seems to be quite apposite at the moment, in view of the above.



ITALIAN ROYALTY AT THE RACES: PRINCESS YOLANDE OF SAVOY WITH A LADY AND GENTLEMAN IN WAITING.

Our photograph shows Princess Yolande of Savoy, the eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, at the races with a lady and gentleman in waiting.

Photograph by Morano Pisculli.



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*Daily Dispatch*, Nov. 4, '20. . .  
"After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'value-for-money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'value-for-money.' . ."

W. H. BERRY.

The same writer states in the *Evening Standard*, March 4, '21: " . . . After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

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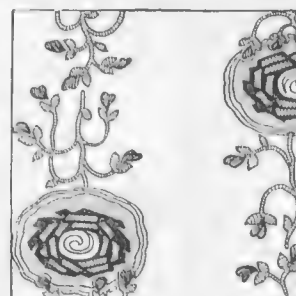
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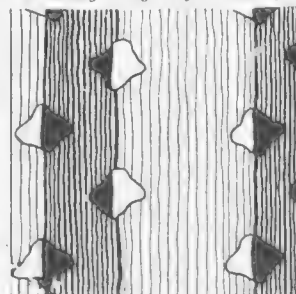
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If your local draper is out of stock, write to Grafton's, 69, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, who will see that a good selection of Patterns is sent to you post free.

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These two Beautiful Voile Designs in lovely range of colourings.



For Lingerie, Ladies will find  
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 the Ideal Material. Many Charming Printed Designs and Plain Art Shades.

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WE have recently designed and adapted from original Paris Models, a number of attractive Blouses. These Blouses are exclusive in design, and are made in our own workrooms from materials of excellent quality and value.

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Attractive WAISTCOAT BLOUSE (as sketch) made of heavy Toile de Soie in delightful colourings, pleated fronts, long roll collar fastening one button, long sleeves. In rust, mole, sage blue, sand, yellow and mauve.

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No. 736. Tricot Corset, very low in bust, long over hips, perfect fitting satin stripe, very good quality. Sizes 20 to 30.

**32/9**

Also same model deeper over hips.

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SILK HOSE of excellent quality specially strengthened feet and tops, in nigger, tan, gold, grey and white.

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**PRACTICAL BLOUSE (as sketch),** made in rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, well fitting collar cut to form a long line, trimmed with hand-worked motifs, and cuffs to correspond; the seams finished with hand-stitchings. In ivory, champagne, flesh, navy, lemon, stone, mastic and black. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

PRICE

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In outsizes ... .. **52/6**  
In heavy quality georgette ... **59/6**

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"I feel I must write to tell you how pleased I am with the 8 h.p. Rover I bought from you some months ago. It has been in constant use, and is running at present better than when new. The consumption of petrol works out at about 45 m.p.g., while its hill-climbing properties on top gear are simply astounding . . . it does not overheat . . . It is undoubtedly the best value in its class . . ."

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in Quality, Size  
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Ask for "TURF Derby" if you like your Cigarettes  
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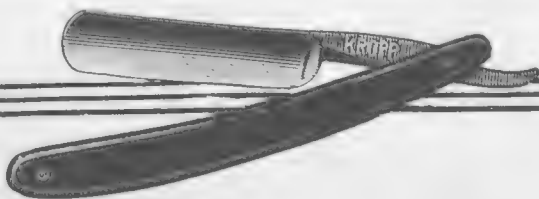
On the early morning shave hangs the destiny of the day. A good, clean, quick, easy shave—and oh! the difference to your feelings towards your family, your business, the whole world! That is the sort of delightful shave you *always* get with a Kropp. You little realise how much your fate depends upon your razor—be fair to yourself—get a Kropp. Start the day right—start it with a Kropp.

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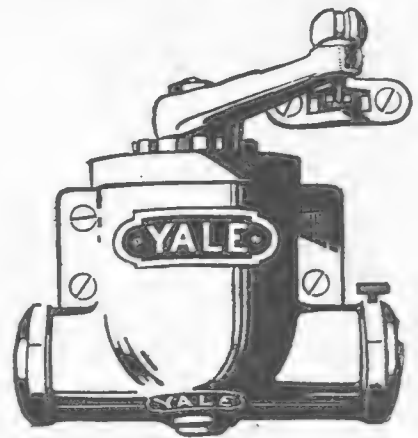
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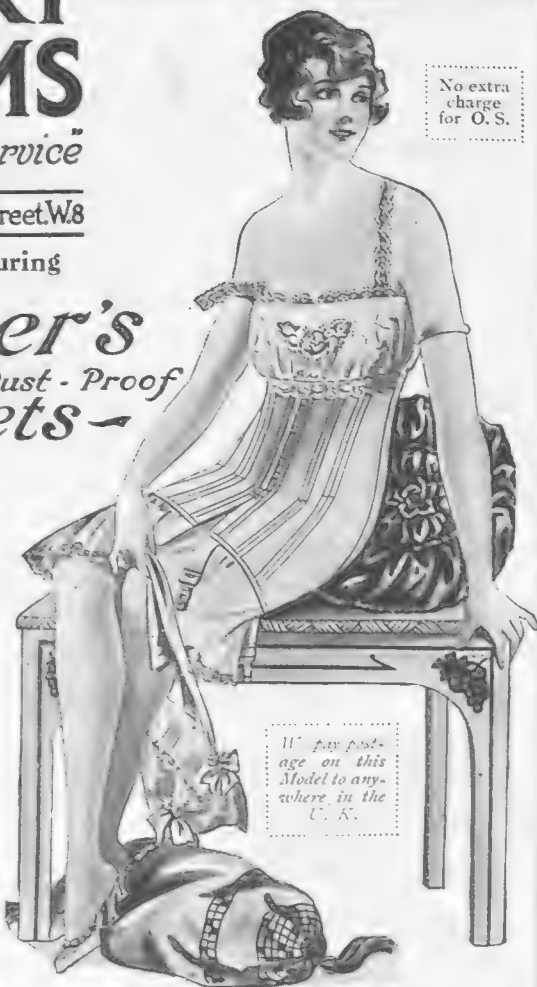
## Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets

because we are convinced that for Comfort, Style & QUALITY they are unexcelled!

We have a wide range of Models on view in our Corset Salon, and suggest a personal visit

### Model S. 33

A perfect fitting Model with the fashionable low bust, sloping slightly higher towards shoulders. The double skirt, an exclusive feature of Warner's Corsets, besides giving additional support to the hips, also gives greater durability to the Corset. Free hip boning. In White Coutil. Sizes 20 to 30. Splendid Value. **25/9**



If you post-  
age on this  
Model to any-  
where in the  
U. K.

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Can be sent on approval.

Canadian BATHING DRESS made in good quality cotton stockinette in navy and black with square neck bound with Turkish towelling braid, in bright shades.

Price 35/9

Bathing Shoes in all sizes—  
In white canvas ... from 7/6  
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All Furs purchased during the Summer months are stored free of charge in our hygienic cold storage, where they receive expert care. Special attention is given to all fur renovations & re-modelling.

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HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

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CHOICE AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS.

Nightgown, 35/- each.  
Of very fine Cambric or Nainsook, with BUCKS. HAND-MADE LACE Yoke and Trimming (Spider Design) with or without Ribbon Slotting at waist.

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Daintily trimmed with BUCKS. HAND-MADE LACE.

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To match (other shapes also in stock).

This Set is also made in Silk, Crêpe-de-Chine, Voile, Mull, etc.

Lingerie Sets are made in many Shapes and Designs, also in any Colour Material; Hand-Sewn and Trimmed with the Famous BUCKS. HAND-MADE LACES.

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have long proved the value of FOX'S PUTTEES for weather protection, comfort and convenience. The most hygienic leg-covering.

The spiral fit and non-fray edges ensure ease and smartness—the super-quality material guarantees long wear and good appearance.

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"Non-Fray Spiral."

**FOX'S F.I.P. PUTTEES**

## Dainty Trousseau Set

This beautiful Lingerie Set is an exact copy of one of our latest Paris Models, designed expressly for the present Season. Some idea of the value of this Lingerie will be gathered from the fact that it is made in rich, bright and heavy all-silk Crêpe-de-Chine, which was freely sold last Season at 15/- per yard.

**NIGHTDRESS** (as sketch) in pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine, an exact copy of a French model, new hemstitched Empire bodice with dainty lace yoke and sleeves, and hemstitched skirt to match. In pink, yellow, sky, ivory, mauve, coral and black.

PRICE  
**39/6**

CHEMISE to match ... 29/6

KNICKERS to match... 29/6

In pure silk washing satin. In pink, sky, coral, mauve, yellow and ivory, 45/9

CHEMISE to match ... 32/9

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In good quality georgette. In pink, sky, yellow, ivory, coral, mauve and black ... 39/6

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NEW MODEL LACE BOUDOIR CAP, with dainty wired points trimmed with coloured satin ribbon ... 25/6

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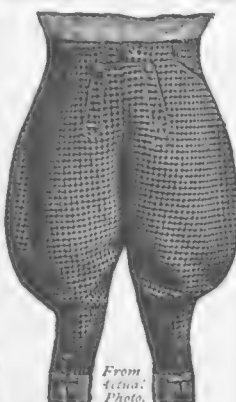
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**PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**

In Tins of 50 - - 2s. 11d.

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**PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**

In Card Boxes of 50 2s. 8d.

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**JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.**

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited.

P.842



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JOHN BULL knows a good thing when he tastes it. That is why SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE has taken first place in the heart of the nation. Its universal popularity has been won by out-and-out superiority—there never was and never will be a sweet to equal it for flavour, for purity, and for thorough wholesomeness. Think of somebody you would especially like to please—then buy him, or her, something that is sure to give delight—a tin of SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM—you will see it in any confectioner's window

8d. Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in 1-lb. 1/6 and 2/9 tins.

per 1/4 lb. If unobtainable in your district, kindly send post-card, giving name of your confectioner.

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Made by British Workers—  
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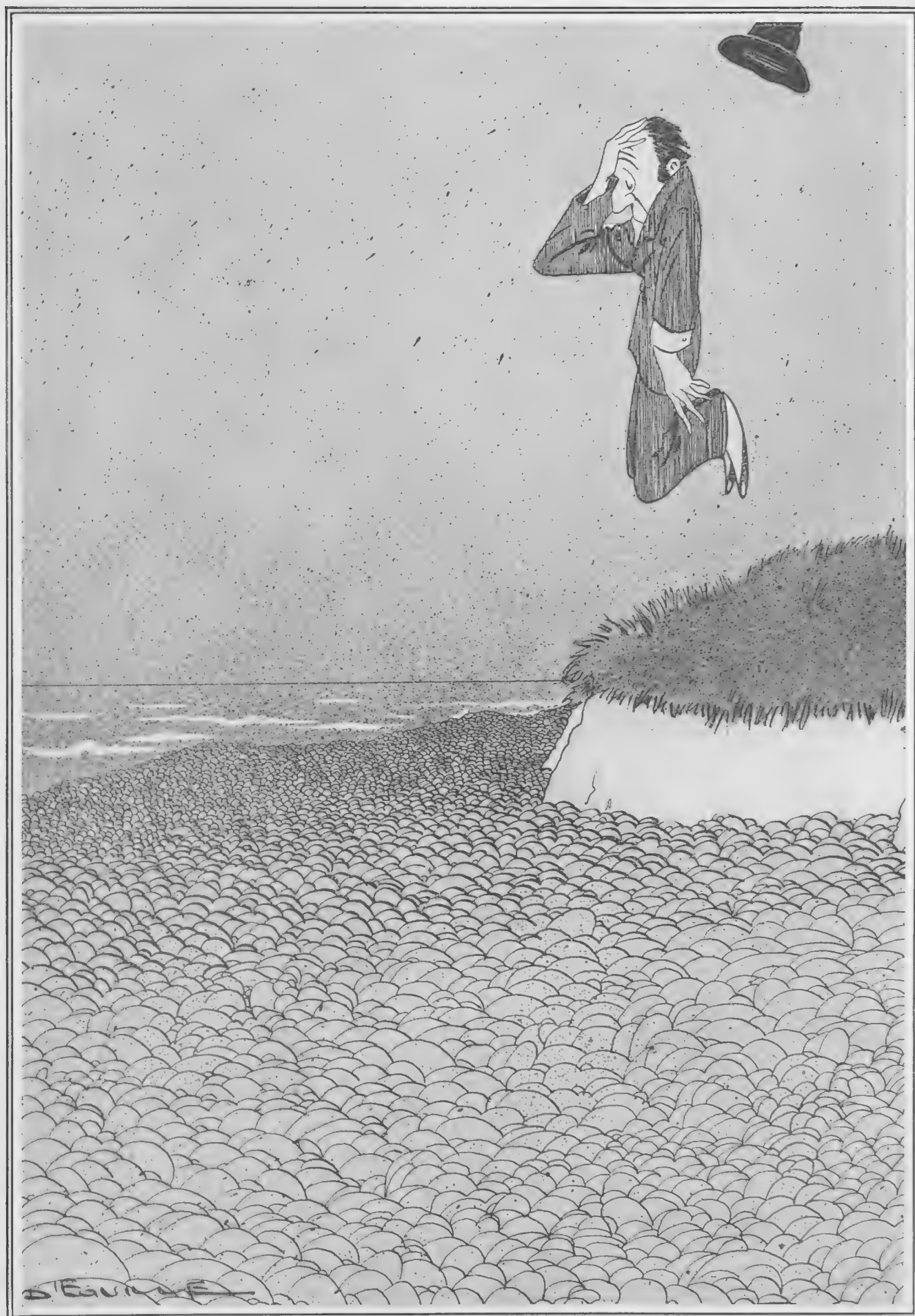
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LONDON  
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AND  
223 REGENT STREET, W.  
HARROGATE  
7 & 9 PARLIAMENT ST.



## Beached!



STUDY OF A FAMOUS DETECTIVE REPENTING HIS RASH PROMISE TO LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED.

FROM THE DRAWING BY D'EGVILLE

## THE WAY OF THE GODS.—[Continued from p. 246.]

They had taken a corner too sharply, and a skid had sent the car into the angle of a wall.

Mrs. Fisher fainted with charm, and the next half-hour was occupied in bringing her round, with a local chemist's assistance, and finding a taxi to take her home.

Chips was thoroughly fed up with himself and her by the time that he made his escape, and was able to turn his face towards town. A deep cut across the chin from a splinter was not an improvement to the situation either.

When he reached Mount Street it was striking five, and he said to the butler: "I've had a bit of a spill. Has Miss Freke got visitors?"

"Only one, Sir. Lord Ranulph Martyn."

"Oh! Well—suppose I wait in here until she's disengaged."

"Very good, Sir," and the butler shut him into the morning-room.

Presently he heard Sybil's voice in the hall, and the slam of the front door told him that she had been seeing someone off.

He was about to emerge, when she entered and surveyed him wrathfully.

"How long have you been here?" she asked with icy formality.

"Twenty minutes," he answered. "I had a close shave of not getting here at all."

"Yes—you seem to have had a pretty close shave," she retorted, as her disdainful glance rested on his chin.

"Bar jokes," Chips began, but she cut him short remorselessly.

"I quite agree with you. One only jokes with one's—friends."

He understood suddenly that she was at white heat, and reckless as to what she said so long as she hurt him.

"Little Witch," he said quietly, "I got myself into a hat because I was so keen to be here in good time. I was going to bring you some flowers for your birthday, but when I found I was so late I didn't stop for them. You see, I——"

"You can save yourself the trouble of inventing a reason for breaking your engagement to me," she said. "I happen to know where you have been."

"Oh! Who told you?"

"I rang up the Clissolds at four o'clock, and asked for you. They said you had left before three, and had gone with a lady to Harrow."

"I hadn't the remotest intention of going anywhere with any lady," Chips explained, "or Harrow either. I merely said it to get away from that rotten lunch quickly."

"Why Harrow?"

"Yes, why Harrow?" echoed Chips despondently, and searched his mind for the reason; then, as illumination came, "Oh, I know! There was a silly ass gassing about cricket matches, and it put Harrow into my head."

Sybil took a deep breath.

"If you had told me the truth," she said, "I might have forgiven you. But a lie—and such a stupid lie, too! Mrs. Fisher, with whom you went, lives at Harrow. Lord Ranulph told me so just now—in fact, he told me a good deal about her. She invites every man she takes a fancy to down for the week-end. I suppose but for some accident you would have been there till Monday."

A dead silence followed.

Then Chips said in a level voice, "I don't lie, and I am sorry you, of all people, should think so. Good-bye."

He had left her before Sybil realised that she had gone too far.

The second post next morning carried two letters from Mrs. Fisher, one to Sybil Freke:

"You are a fool, dear lady," it ran, "for you have thrown over a man who loves you for a man who loves your money. Rannie Martyn telephoned me just now—at two a.m.—that you had accepted him. His last words may interest you. He said, 'My dear, if you had half the Freke girl's dollars I would marry you to-morrow, and be a happy man.' There! Put that in your cigarette and smoke it. Show him this letter if you like. I don't care. He knows I'm really fond of him, and not making use of him to spite another man, as you are. By the way, I daresay you quarrelled with your Chips over our little excursion. So another scrap of truth for you. He had no idea I lived at Harrow, and he only said he was going there to escape people's importunities. I guessed that, but I wanted a chat with him. You'll wish yourself dead before you have been married to my Rannie long. But you will never get your Chips back, if I know anything of men.—VIVY FISHER."

And the other, which reached Chips as he was looking out his passport, made him smile. He knew the "Vivy Fisher" kind so well!

"Can't we console each other for those two rotters? Of course, you've heard by this time that they gave out their engagement at the Ritz dance last night. Come to dinner to-morrow, and we'll drink their healths.—V. F."

He tore it into little bits as he turned the pages of a "Bradshaw," his glance halting at the H's involuntarily.

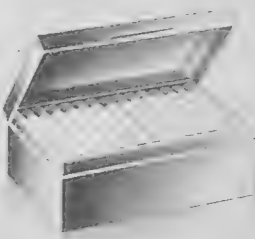
"All roads may lead to Harrow," he said, still smiling, "but I think I'll go the longest way round."

And he switched on to Paris.

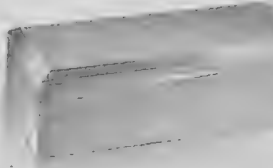
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£52 10 0



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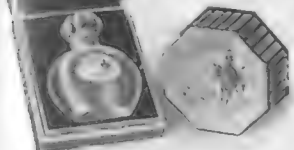


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EAU DE COLOGNE No. 1. Distilled in Britain from the finest selected French Essences  
Per 2-oz. bottle ... **4/-**  
4-oz.; **7/9**; 8-oz.; **14/9**; pint, **35/9**; quart, **69/6**. Per case containing Six 4-oz. bottles **45/-**.  
Wickers (reputed half-pint) **13/6**; pint, **26/6**; quart, **46/6**.



'LADY TATTERSALL' PERFUME. An antique amber perfume of subtle charm; in dainty bottles, elegantly encased ... **29/6**

'LADY TATTERSALL' POWDER. Delicately perfumed, in six shades: Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Rachel-foncé, Rosée and Soir. Per case ... **6/6**



'MARQUINETTE' PERFUME, reminiscent of the sweet fragrance of many flowers. In cut and polished bottles, charmingly encased, ... **21/-**

'MARQUINETTE' POWDER. Exquisitely perfumed. In six shades: Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Rachel-foncé, Rosée, and Soir. Per box ... **5/6**



'RUSSE' PERFUME. In cut and polished stoppered bottles. Artistically encased, 1s/3 10/6, **5/6**

'RUSSE' POWDER. Fragrantly perfumed. In shades of Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Rachel-foncé, Rosée and Soir. Per box ... **6/6**



'SILHOUETTE' PERFUME. Recalls the sweet simplicity of Victorian days. In dainty bottles, elegantly encased ... **17/6**

'SILHOUETTE' POWDER. In Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Rachel-foncé, Rosée or Soir. Per case ... **6/6**

CREME ROSÉE DU MATIN. A harmless vanishing Cream for whitening and softening the skin. Forms an excellent basis for face powder. In artistic jars, **10/6**, **7/6**, **4/6**

Harrods Ltd London SW1

# Harrods lead in Fashion's Realm

Actually to compare a Harrods Garment with any other of its kind is to realise how much 'the little difference' that distinguishes a Harrods model really means. It means an unapproachable Quality of material, an unequalled excellence of workmanship and a very real Style-individuality.

## These Knitted Suits Confirm it!

The Vogue for Knitted Wear is delightfully expressed at Harrods in a unique range of Styles, all manifesting an originality of design as charming as the materials they embody. Harrods counsel a personal visit of inspection.



Harrods pay carriage on all these Garments to any address in Britain.

### 'RIVIERA'

Wool Suit, Coat trimmed artificial silk and metal thread. Skirt is in wide rib effect with elastic at waist. In champagne and blue, grey and mauve, buff and green, or buff and saxe ... **7½ Gs**

## LOVELY BOOK OF STYLES FREE

Write for a copy to-day



Recherche Luncheons and Dainty Teas served daily in Harrods Georgian Restaurant

### 'KEMPTON'

Three-piece Knitted Suit (Skirt, Jumper and Coat); in super-quality Wool, effectively trimmed with metal insertion. Available in the following colours: saxe and stone, tango and gold, jade and gold ... **9Gs**



### 'IRIS'

Ribbed Wool Suit for sports and country wear. New roll collar, patch pockets and tie belt, the drop-stitch skirt has a pleated effect. In brick, rose, saxe, stone, grey, jade or sand. **4½ Gs**

### 'MAVIS'

Delightful Blouse, in excellent quality, heavy weight Crêpe de Chine trimmed with filet insertion and tucks. Offered in ivory, pink or champagne. Sizes, 13½, 14, 14½, **29/6**



### 'FREDA'

Embroidered Voile Jumper. Trimmed lace. Faillie ribbon slotted through waist line. Sizes, 13½, 14, 14½, **29/6**

### 'RANELAGH'

Chic Suit of heavy artificial silk. Coat trimmed patent leather in contrasting colours. Skirt well-balanced. In navy, rust or saxe. **8½ Gs**

### 'STELLA'

Stylish Blouse, in fine quality Ivory Voile embroidered in colour and daintily trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Sizes **17/6** 13½, 14, 14½, Outside 3/- extra



HARRODS LTD

(Woodman-Bridgley Managing Director)

LONDON SW1

## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

### Orient and Occident.

Last week we were, of course, very Japanese. The Crown Princes of great Oriental and Occidental Empires sitting side by side made a quaint contrast. That they have a great deal in common in their ideals of doing, each in his way, his best for the people over whom, in time, each will be called to rule is evident. Prince Hirohito is a merry-looking lad, and, I hear, most courteous in manner to everyone, just like our own Prince. He is considered by his people remarkably well-bred-looking and handsome, and is to them an object of reverence. Not long ago it was considered impious in Japan to look upon the Emperor or the Crown Prince; and even now, I am told by travellers in Japan, curiosity is hardly strong enough to conquer tradition, and no Japanese stares at their royal personages with unaffected pleasure, as we do at ours.

### Something to Do.

These are times when "nothing doing" very nearly describes our situation. It is one that does not suit energetic British folk, so that many are most grateful for another garment-making competition by S. Barrow and Co., Barrow Building, Charles Street, Hatton Garden, E.C.1. There are two classes—the first open to those who do home dressmaking for their own requirements only; the second, for those who dress-make at home for a living or profit. In each the prizes are £25, £15, a prize Vickers treadle sewing-machine, price-listed at £12 10s.; five prizes of Jones' Family Hand-sewing machines, list price, £9 15s.; and fifty prizes of goods to the value of £1 each. The garments must, of course, be made of Barrow tweeds, which are well known to be first-rate. Full particulars of this competition, organised because the first proved such a success, will be sent on application to the firm at the above address.

### Bright and True.

"True as steel" is a fine character summed up in three words. "Best of steel" is the character of "Apis" Unstainable Steel, summed up with equal brevity. Always bright and attractive to look at, it harmonises with fine silver and beautiful glass and nappery, to give grace to the necessary meals of the day. This is true only of "Apis"; inferior qualities of so-called rustless or stainless steel have not the fine qualities of this, the product of the Yorkshire Steel Company, Ltd. Fish and fruit knives and forks of "Apis," with sterling silver bolsters and ivory handles, give no taste to these necessary health-bestowing viands. Every article in this wonderful steel is stamped "Apis," which ensures purchasers

against inferior articles, and also ensures replacement free of charge if found defective in use. "Apis" blades can be fitted to old handles if suitable. An act of wisdom is to secure a fully illustrated price-list and the name of your nearest agent, by writing to Yorkshire Steel Co., 30A, Holborn, E.C.

### A Perfect Production.

One hears a great deal about the good of the community in these days. What one cannot hear too much about is the goodness, beauty, and satisfactoriness of Community Plate. It is silverware of the most beautiful, and made to harmonise with the best periods of English interiors, so that it meets the refinement of taste which is a feature of the ordinary life of to-day. It is guaranteed to last for half-a-century if it is properly cared for; and its suitability for gifts for every occasion makes it much sought after. From an Adam jam-spoon at 5s. to a canteen of silver for a dozen people, there is a wide choice. The Oneida Community, Ltd., Diamond House, Hatton Garden, E.C.1, will, if this journal is mentioned, send a Community booklet of period styles and a list of leading silversmiths selling Community Plate, which is artistically and practically a perfect production.

### Cheerio!

To appreciate the substantial fall in prices, together with the highest level of quality and smartness, send for Stagg and Mantle's (Leicester Square, W.C.2) new spring catalogue. It will cheer depression caused by coal troubles and give us good heart that in the all-important matter of dress better times have come, and in that of living we may hope they will come when the miners cease from troubling and coal is cheap again. Dainty and smart shoes, for which this old-established house has a fine reputation, show a great fall in price. A brown willow-calf shoe for 21s. 9d. is good, and very smart and useful. A wool gabardine coat and skirt in the new sacque shape, the coat hemmed deeply with embroidery in self colours, also the collar and the coat lined with silk, for 5½ guineas is almost unbelievably moderate in price.

### Taste First.

To dress with good taste is the whole duty of woman. Many more of our sex achieve it now than formerly. This is not to be wondered at when such excellent aid is afforded us as Swan and Edgar's "How to Dress with Good Taste, Spring and Summer, 1921." It is a booklet full of pictures of really refined, tasteful, and satisfactory dress. The garments thus shown forth are at prices quite to our minds. A dinner-gown, shown on the cover in rose-red, but which can be supplied in any smart shade, is of finest georgette embroidered with beads, and with a girdle of ribbon and flowers. The price is 9½ guineas. Special arrangements for delivery free have been made by which orders from 10s. are included. The booklet shows very novel and smart dresses in georgette and satin, gabardine and foulard, crêpe-de-Chine and sequin embroidery over satin, for evening and day wear, from 6½ to 18 guineas.

# Zephyr

## LADIES' FINE FABRIC SHOES

BEST LEATHER SOLES.

Buy your Spring and Summer Footwear Now.

"Zephyr" Shoes are not the usual kind of fabric shoe, to be worn only for the Seaside or on odd occasions. They are made with the same care and good materials as a good-class light leather shoe; they are not an extra shoe to be bought, but will take the place of all-leather shoes for light wear, that is, for walking on fine days and for house wear. The essential difference is that two or three pairs can be obtained for the price of one pair of all-leather shoes.



Sold by all the leading retailers  
Write for name of nearest agent.

Wholesale Manufacturers:

Mansfield Shoe Co., Limited,  
Mansfield, England.

Makers also of the famous Devonshire  
Ladies' Walking Shoes, and "Blue  
Boat" Sports Shoes, Rubber Soles.

Ask to see new model Z45 Ankle  
Strap Shoe in White Poplin.



TAILORED CELES SHIRTS.

## THE PERFECT SHIRT FOR LADIES WEAR CELES IS PURE SILK.

A CELES shirt is CELES because of the great and affectionate care taken at each process from the unwinding of the silk cocoon to the finished garment. Thus durability, suitability and beauty are combined in a Perfect Ladies' Shirt. If the mark "CELES" is not stitched in the hem it is not CELES.

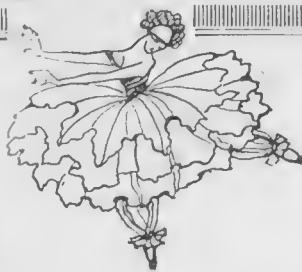
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## Sorelle Bath Specialities



**I**N the preparation of SORELLE BATH SALTS only the most highly concentrated SORELLE perfumes are used; with the result that a small amount renders the bath deliciously fragrant and refreshing.

SORELLE BATH POWDER quickly dissolves in hot water, to which it imparts an exquisite perfume as well as a feeling of velvety softness. After the bath the application of SORELLE DUSTING POWDER is most soothing and beneficial to the skin. The powder is of very fine quality and delicately perfumed.

SORELLE BATH SOAP is specially prepared from absolutely pure oils which soften and whiten the skin, and is exquisitely fragrant.

All these specialities are scented with the exclusive SORELLE PERFUMES, and there is a SORELLE TOILET WATER to correspond to each perfume.

*Sorelle Bath Salts, 15/- and 25/-; Bath Powder, 6/6 and 12/6; Bath Dusting Powder, 10/6; Bath Soap, 3/6; Toilet Water, 22/6; Sorelle Perfumes, 15/6 to 40/- Price List on request.*



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It promotes the rapid recovery of weight and energy, and quickly restores normal health. The delicious flavour of "Ovaltine" makes it acceptable to the most fastidious.

# OVALTINE

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**Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body**

All the rich nerve and body-building elements contained in ripe barley malt, creamy milk, fresh eggs, and cocoa are presented in "Ovaltine" in a highly concentrated and easily assimilable form.

One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa, 12 cups of beef extract, or 3 eggs.

*Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6*

## 'OVALTINE' CHOCOLATE

A dainty and delicious food-sweet, containing the nourishing properties of "Ovaltine" in combination with the purest milk chocolate.

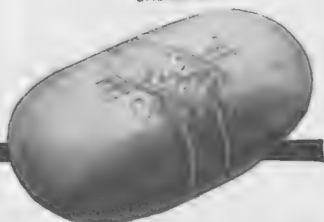
Equal in flavour to the very best chocolate, but many times more nourishing.

Excellent as a sustaining article of diet for everyone at all times; and especially valuable for children.



*Let them drink 'Ovaltine' for Health!*

P.89



*"Beauty itself doth of itself persuade"*  
Shakespeare

**A Fresh, Clear Healthy Complexion**

which men will admire and women envy may easily be attained if you use a soap specially prepared with ingredients which act with a tonic influence on the skin.

# Knight's Castile

is more than a mere toilet soap. This super-milled toilet soap, which lathers freely but does not waste, has a peculiarly refreshing effect, rendering the skin soft and velvety, and permitting it to breathe the pure air which the millions of cells are intended to absorb.

Knight's Castile Soap is delightfully perfumed with the scent of lavender. See the band on every tablet.

JOHN KNIGHT, LTD., LONDON.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

## LORD WEIR AND THE COAL POSITION.

WRITING these notes as we do some considerable time before publication, we find it difficult to comment on the rapidly changing aspects of disputes such as the present one.

The importance from every point of view of finding a speedy settlement to the strike or lock-out, or whatever else it is called, is now so generally recognised that all avenues should be explored.

The latest contributor to what may be called the constructive side of the discussion is Lord Weir, who has addressed a memorandum to the representatives of the two parties concerned and to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

He postulates at the outset the unpleasant fact that the price of coal must be reduced to approximately half its present figure if the settlement is really to avail the country, and his memorandum closes with the expression of definite hostility to a subsidy, even if temporary, on the grounds that the Treasury will need all the money available "to meet the enormous commitments of the State in regard to unemployment benefit."

Lord Weir's solution of the problem may be summarised as "work and efficiency." This may not, perhaps, sound particularly new or startling, but it is, in fact, the one and only solution which can be reached by anyone except the extremists on both sides and the modern politician with his shallow and unstable mind.

The owners must afford the men every help and opportunity to get back to the pre-war output of coal per man-hour of work, and must reduce the cost of stores and management from the ridiculous figure of 10s. 8d. per ton. Lord Weir suggests that the figure could easily be reduced to the level of June 1920, or by about 33 per cent. We imagine he might have gone even further than that, since prices for timber, machinery, and nearly everything else have fallen to very much below the quotation of that month.

The most important part of the scheme naturally deals with the miners' wages and conditions of work, and the memorandum demonstrates that if the miners would revert to the eight-hours day—which means just over seven-and-a-half hours' actual work—and get back, with the help of the owners, to pre-war output per man, we should be within measurable distance of the end of our troubles. Under such conditions, a reduction of 2s. per shift, which the miners are prepared to accept, would enable coal

to be produced about 15s. per ton cheaper than at present, and allow our much-harassed industries to compete again, though with difficulty, in the markets of the world.

The nation, like the individual, lives by work, and when times are bad the only and obvious remedy is harder work for both. A solution of the deadlock on these or similar lines would not only settle the difficulties of both miners and mine-owners, but would go a long way to settle the unemployment problem.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Have you got any Derby Sweep. tickets over, by any chance?" Our Stroller asked.

"Limited or Unlimited?"

"Limited, for choice."

"Why? The other Sweep. is just as good, and it's better for Charity, anyway."

"I don't know why it is, but I've a sentimental fondness for what you call the Limited. Are you a stale bull of any tickets?"

"You can have one of mine, if you want it. And I shall get another ticket in the Unlimited, that's all."

"Supposing you take a ticket in that one, and I give you a pound. Will you go halves with me in both?"

"Yes, rather. Not a bad scheme. We double our chances, and—"

"Lose two pounds instead of one," his partner put in. "Oh, hang that 'phone."

He jerked the receiver off the hook, dropped it, and—well, never mind.

"Don't go," said the broker to Our Stroller. "You might pick up some new ideas."

"I've already learnt some new words," Our Stroller replied *solito voce*.

"Yes, that's me," the other broker was 'phoning. "Language? Awful, isn't it? He's my partner, and I'm trying to break him of his disgusting habit. But it's hard work. . . ."

"No, I shouldn't myself. I think our markets aren't bad at all, and the whole lot will go better. Of course, Shells have had a very big rise, though. They were £5 on the first of April. . . ."

"Yes, you're right. We were April fools not to have. . . ."

"Eagles paid 60 per cent. last year, and. . . ."

"They think so in the House, at any rate. Some people say it will be increased, but on the new capital. . . ."

"Can't hurt you, anyway. Shall I buy you fifty Eagles? Right you are. . . ."

"There's something up in the Trinidad group, but I don't know what it is. I like Leaseholds myself. . . ."

[Continued overleaf.]

## The Penalty of Success

FEW but those who have actually taken an active part in the production of a modern Film Play or endured the monotony of continuous rehearsals for some popular theatrical production have any idea of the terrible strain such work entails.



Before Treatment.

Many a well-known Cinema Actress has earned success at the cost of her good looks.

Constant worry—long hours of work—and nerve strain leave their marks in disfiguring lines around the eyes, nose and mouth. Complexions become 'pasty,' cheeks become hollowed and one-time dimples disappear.

Of course, even the strenuous daily routine of a modern society lady more often than not quickly produces the same disastrous effects.

Fortunately an ever-increasing number of Stage and Screen beauties, to say nothing of many hundreds of society ladies, now know that a brief visit to 40, Baker Street, W.1 is sufficient to immediately repair the damage and restore their natural good looks.

**THIS TREATMENT** is entirely new and applied only by a highly skilled Swiss practitioner. With absolute secrecy and unerring success he speedily remodels the features—removes all traces of wrinkles, crowsfeet, lines from nose to mouth, double chin, etc.—re-vitalizes the jaded complexion; corrects sagging cheeks, saddle nose, etc.

Call or write for Booklet—"FACIAL PERFECTION." Sent sealed on receipt of 6d. for postage.

HOURS from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.  
Established 1910.

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40, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1.



After Treatment.



*A Necklace of  
MADONNA PEARLS  
gives the finishing  
touch to your  
Dance Frocks.*

Nothing suits the present style of Evening Gown so well, or lends such a finishing touch, as a beautifully-graduated Necklace of MADONNA Pearls—the Pearls which vie in appearance, lustre, and natural beauty with the most costly gems that ever came out of the Orient. The MADONNA Pearls possess the same delicate softness, the same rich sheen, as the costly gems of which they are a faithful copy. The most practical expert alone can discern the difference, and then only by close examination.

## OUR GENUINE OFFER.

Upon receipt of ONE GUINEA we will send you for your approval a necklace of Madonna Pearls (16 inches long, or other lengths at proportionate rates—Gold clasp 2s. extra) and if they are not superior to the other artificial pearls we will at once refund your money.

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PEARLS**

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H.M. The King



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NEVER grows tired

"It did all that we asked it to do," writes the Secretary of a Midland Golf Club, after an exhaustive three hours' trial on all parts of the course. "It cut a green in 20 minutes and does the work of three men."

It replaces a man and a horse, costs, for fuel, less than 2d. to mow 1,000 square yards, and is as simple to operate as a bicycle.

You take no risks with an 'Atco,' for we will give you free demonstration on your own grass. Write to-day for FREE Booklet, "The 'Atco' Motor Lawn Mower."

A horse only works about one-third of the day. The other two-thirds it wants care, food and shelter.

The 'Atco' does more work, faster, better and cheaper than a horse can possibly do it. It works as long as you need it to, and at full stretch all the time. When it isn't working (and earning) for you it costs nothing to keep.

The 'Atco' is your guide to mowing efficiency and economy. It enables every lawn owner himself pleasurably to satisfy every possible mowing need. At a cost of less than 2d. the 'Atco' efficiently cuts 1,000 square yards of turf in 20 minutes. It runs on ball-bearings throughout, which assist to carry the load, reduce friction, add materially to the life of the cutting blades, and eliminate the "work" from all mowing.

CUTTERS 22" WIDE  
THE 'ATCO' MOTOR LAWN MOWER  
REDUCES LAWN UPKEEP BY 75%  
AND PAYS FOR ITSELF IN A YEAR.

Get full particulars to-day from  
**CHARLES H. PUGH, Ltd.,**  
Whitworth Works, 13, Tilton Road, Birmingham.

Applications are invited from the Trade for  
Local Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.



Price  
Carr. £75  
Paid,

Continued.]

"Quite so. On a dull day, eh? I'll watch 'em for you. . . ."

"Ha, ha! I'll tell him so. Bye-bye."

He left the telephone and turned to his partner.

"Says I'm to ask you if you don't think it's damned bad form to swear at a client over the 'phone," he repeated; "I'm going over to the House. See you later, Sir," he nodded to Our Stroller.

"Dirty dog," was all his partner answered. "And now, young fellow?"

"My wife's got a little New Zealand 3½ Nineteen Forty, and I don't know whether to sell it or not."

"Don't. There's been a lump of stock overhanging the market for a deuced account. It's going by degrees, and when the lot is finished you'll see the price two or three points better."

"Much stock?"

"Couple of hundred thousand," said the broker coolly. "I happen to know. And I also know that most of it has gone already. Fine stuff at 71 for banks and insurance companies. For ordinary investors too, come to that. Yes?"

A boy opened the door and handed him a telegram. The broker read it aloud:

"Buy brace Yorks if think good spec."

He folded up the wire, and put it into his jobbing case with a sigh.

"I know that's what we're paid for," he said, "but I do wish people would act on their own ideas in speculation. Now, what would you do yourself in a case like that?"

"Go and ask someone in the market who follows the stock," was the prompt reply.

"Nine men out of ten would tell me to act on my wire," said the broker. "I know exactly what they'd say. And quite honestly, too. But here's a chap who wants to get in-and-out of the stock in five days; and what chance has he got of doing any good in that short time? Besides, anything might happen in five days."

"I can see it's difficult," Our Stroller understood. "What will you do?"

"Have a look at the market and, unless it seems to be really rotten, I shall buy the stock. On principle."

"What principle?"

"Always carry out a client's wishes, unless you have very strong reasons for not doing so. You are less likely to offend him that way than the other, according to all Stock Exchange experience. Coming across?"

They met a railway jobber just outside, and the broker asked him if he had any views about Yorks.

"Ought to be bought," the dealer answered without hesitation. "There's been some very good buying lately, and I think we shall see them better."

"What did I tell you?" and the broker turned with a laugh to Our Stroller. "And they would all say the same thing about every stock in the market."

"That's where you're wrong," declared the jobber. "There are several stocks I'm out of."

"If we didn't know that yours was one of the honestest markets in the Stock Exchange, we might be taken in by your cheap cynicism," said the broker. "I'm coming into the House— Now, look at that blighter!"

Our Stroller, thinking the coast was clear, had darted up the Stock Exchange steps, to find himself, literally, in the arms of a waiter who appeared to come from absolutely nowhere.

## JOTTINGS.

A meeting of the bondholders of the Chilean Transandine Railway Company will be held shortly to consider the conversion of their Bonds into 8 per cent. Chilean Government Bonds. The terms offered will entail some reduction in income, but we think bondholders would be well advised to accept them rather than allow the present guarantees to expire.

It was a little anomalous to find Mr. Bottomley asking questions in Parliament about a sweepstake. One hates to think of sour grapes! Anyhow, it had the highly satisfactory result of obtaining a Governmental benediction for the Stock Exchange Derby sweeps.

When our industries are finally safeguarded by the new Bill, life, for the poor importer, will take on added terrors, and we hope that some efforts will be made to reduce unnecessary formalities. At present we know of consignments of a raw material which can only be produced in Southern Italy held up for lack of a certificate of origin. Even a child would know that Germany could not possibly grow it!

Thursday, May 12, 1921.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

BUBBLES.—We should certainly hold Imperial Continental Gas, but do not care to attempt a definite valuation.

M.B.—We have no later information, but yet mistrust the people behind it.

## Reduction in Price of Huntley & Palmers Biscuits



## Huntley & Palmers Ginger Nuts

Always unrivalled in quality.  
The Guarantee is the H. & P.

### DOES YOUR APPEARANCE MATCH THE DAY?

You may take it for granted that the woman who never looks her best on a Spring or Summer day is one who neglects her complexion. Complexion care not only improves the appearance but has its effect on your health. Depression vanishes when you know you are looking your best. You are in tune with the sunny brightness of the season. Use

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**La-rola**

(AS PRE-WAR)

regularly to give tone to your complexion. It will render it safe from all attacks of sun, wind, and sea air, and you will look cool, fresh and attractive under all conditions. Try it also on your hands and arms, and you will never want to be without it.

In bottles from all Chemists  
and Stores, 1/6 and 2/6.

**PALE COMPLEXIONS**  
may be greatly improved  
by just a touch of "LA-  
ROLA ROSE BLOOM,"  
which gives a perfectly  
natural tint to the cheeks.  
No one can tell it is arti-  
ficial. It gives THE  
BEAUTY SPOT!  
BOTTLE 1/-.

**M. BEETHAM & SON,**  
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Coats for which  
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that it can be folded  
into an envelope, it  
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confused with the  
transparent Oil  
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choice  
shades, the  
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**A.1. Stormproof**

Light in weight,  
easy to carry.  
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Only **39/6**  
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ELVERY'S Waterproofs have stood the test of years.



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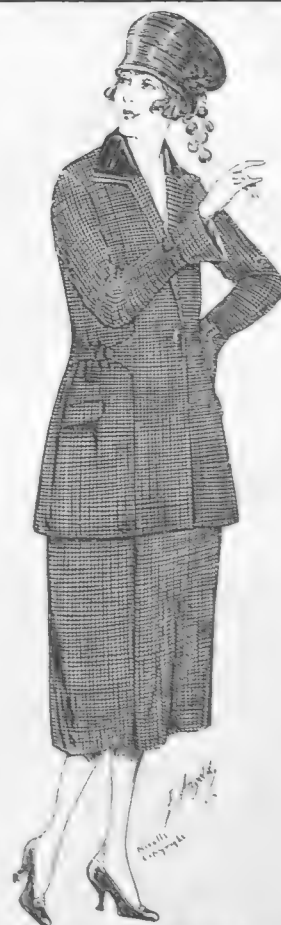
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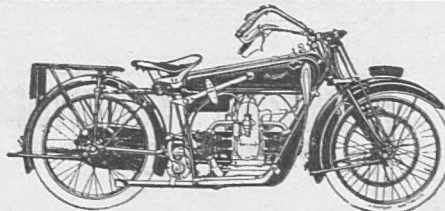
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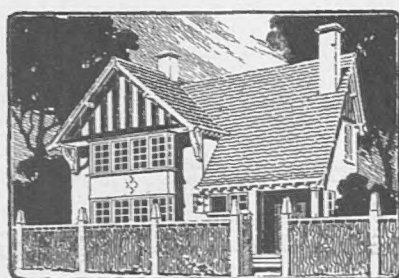
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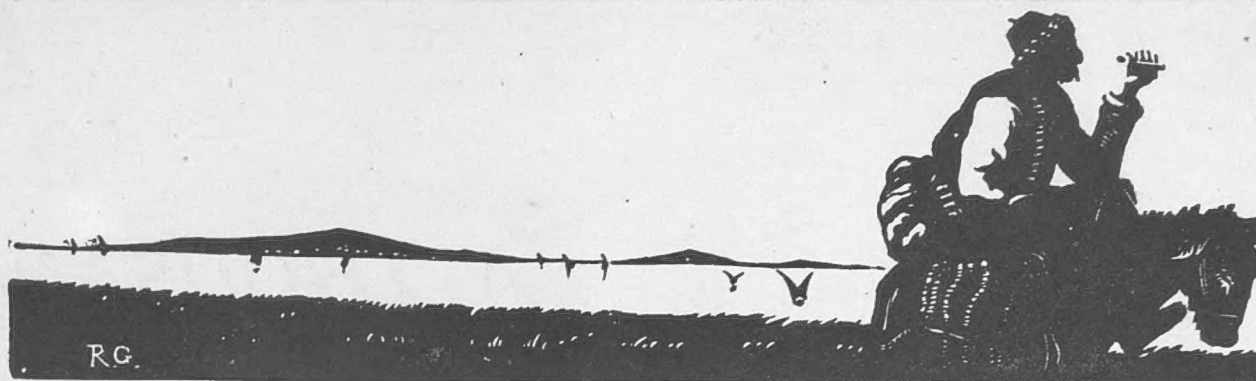
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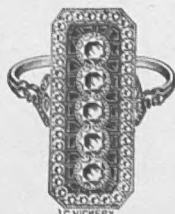
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